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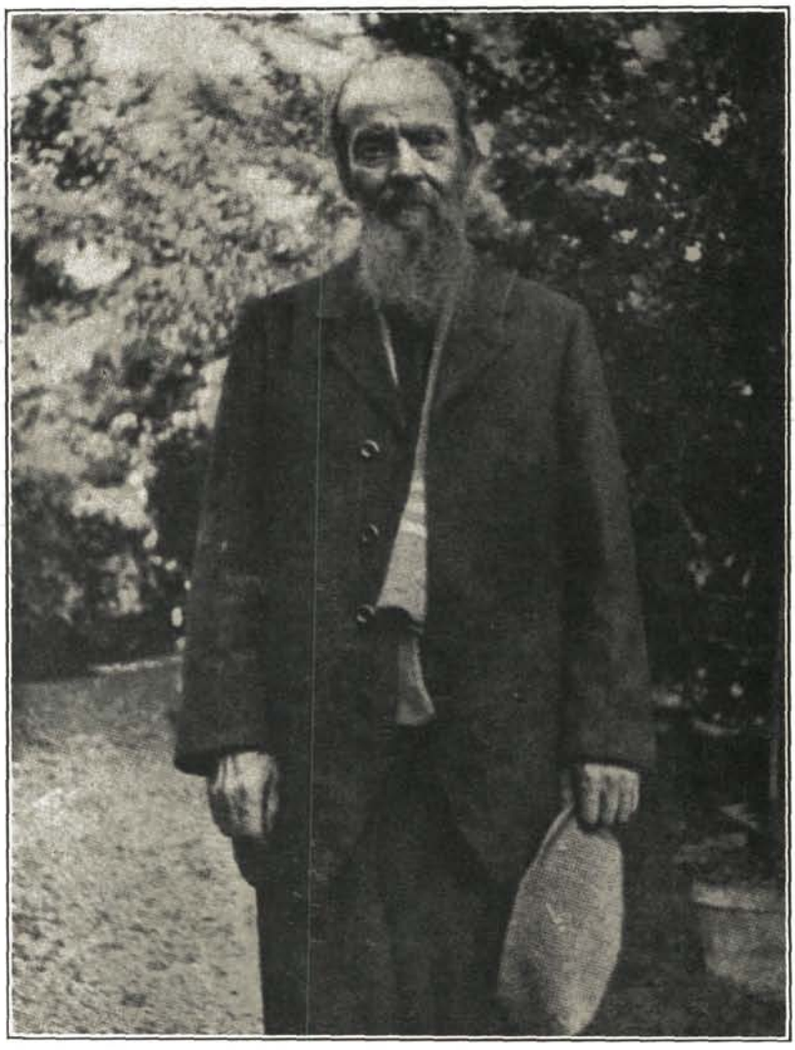

VILFREDO PARETO

"The prevalent description of Pareto as the Karl Marx of the bourgeoisie or of fascism is nothing more than a derivation. It is a fact that Signor Mussolini has attributed his abandonment of socialism to the teaching of Pareto" . . . . (*See page 10*)

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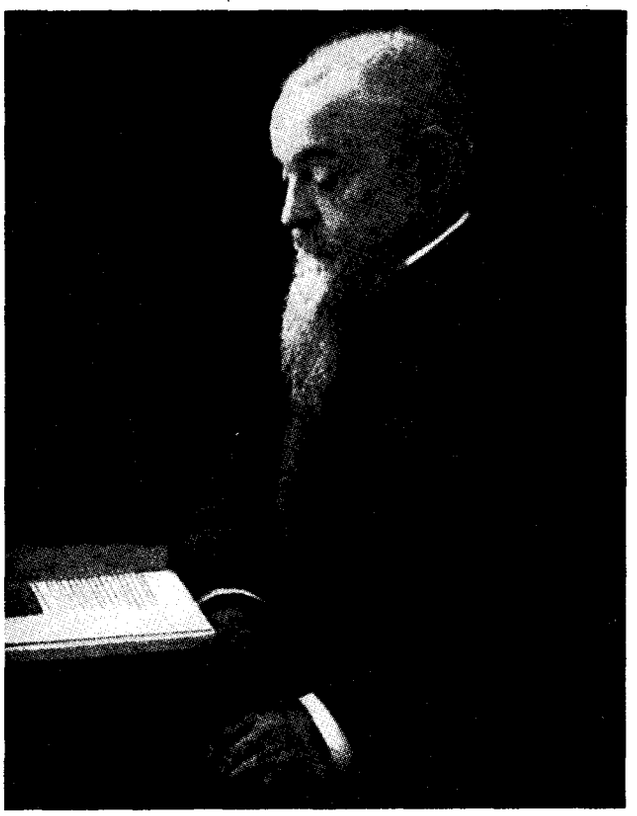
Pareto's Science of Society

BY L. J. HENDERSON

THE ancient religion "was one of the chief causes of the prosperity of Rome; for this religion gave rise to well regulated conduct, and such conduct brings good fortune, and from good fortune results the happy success of undertakings." So four centuries ago wrote a modern thinker, setting down in judicious phrases the influence of the sentiments upon the actions of men, and consequently upon the fate of principalities and republics. Time has dealt variously with Machiavelli and with his writings. The character and motives of the man have been little praised and greatly blamed by those numerous persons who could not or would not confine themselves to relevant criticism of his work; but this work which was scientific before the birth of modern science, has on the whole withstood criticism. Long ago Bacon declared, "We are much beholden to Machiavel and others that write what men do and not what they ought to do."



PARETO IN HIS LATER YEARS

This work stands, but has engendered little of like quality or substance, and until the publication in 1916 of the "Trattato di Sociologia Generale," by Vilfredo Pareto,* there had been very little further advance in scientific description and logical analysis of the influence of the sentiments upon human affairs.

Three hundreds years ago Galileo was writing his "Dialogues Concerning Two New Sciences," one of the few books that bear, like Machiavelli's, the mark of the highest originality. Unlike Machiavelli, Galileo helped to set in motion an activity that has become one of the most important and influential in the world today. The fruits of Machiavelli's labors are few and uncertain, those of Galileo's are countless and unmistakable. Why? Partly, we may be sure, because the two great Florentines studied different subjects.

It will be well, for this reason, to glance at all knowledge.

The endless catalogue of words that designate the subjects taught in our universities seems to defy rational classification. Nevertheless, I think that many of these subjects may be reasonably divided into two classes: first: history, literature, economics, sociology, law, politics, theology, education, etc.; and second: logic, mathematics, physics, biology and other natural sciences, grammar, harmony, etc. The importance of some such dichotomy is indeed widely felt, and gives rise to much discussion and to heated controversies.

Let us look at the facts dispassionately. When the adepts of subjects of the second class disagree, it is a peculiarity of their behavior that they do so most often at the frontiers of knowledge, where growth is taking place; and in the long run a debated question is ordinarily settled by observation, experiment, or some other method that all accept. This is by no means true in many, and hardly true in any, of the subjects of the first class. (Of course it is true in parts of these subjects.) Now this remarkable difference between the behavior of students of the two classes of subjects is probably related to a difference in subject matter. For all the subjects of the first class do involve, and none of the subjects of the second class does involve, the study of the interrelations of two or more persons.

We are now in a position to consider the central feature of Pareto's Sociology.

An important characteristic of many of the natural sciences is the concept of a system, for example, the solar system. In order to fix our ideas we may consider Willard Gibbs's generalized description of a physico-chemical system, which is the basis of the most famous American contribution to science. A physico-chemical system is an isolated material aggregate. It consists of components, which are individual substances, like water or sugar. These substances are found singly or together in phases which are physically homogeneous solid, liquid, or gaseous parts of the system, like ice, sugar solution, or air. The system is further characterized by the concentrations of the components in the phases, by its temperature, and by its pressure.

Here is plainly a fiction, for no real system can be isolated. Nevertheless a close approach to isolation, as in a thermos bottle, is possible. So results are obtained, and then extended, even to systems that are far from isolated. Also the enumeration of the factors is incomplete. But it is ordinarily necessary to consider at least those enumerated above; when desirable, the consideration of others, like those involved in capillary and electrical phenomena, can be taken up later. Finally, the concept is often irrelevant; for instance, the consideration of a watch as

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

HISTORY AS A MAJOR SPORT
By GEORGE FORT MILTON

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA
By GINA KAUS
Reviewed by Katharine Anthony

* *THE MIND AND SOCIETY. (Trattato di Sociologia Generale). By Vilfredo Pareto. Edited by Arthur Livingston. Translated by Andrew Bongiorno and Arthur Livingston with the advice and active cooperation of James Harvey Rogers. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co.* 1935. 4 *vols.* $20.

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a physico-chemical system would be merely a waste of time.

It need hardly be said that such apparent defects are in truth consequences of very real advantages. They are but signs of the well chosen simplifications and abstractions that make possible a systematic treatment of complex phenomena. This instrument that Gibbs has put in the chemists' service has immeasurably advanced the science of chemistry; it has clarified, directed, and economized the thought of all chemists. It enables us to understand, for example, refrigeration, the manufacture of steel, the respiratory function of the blood.

The central feature of Pareto's "General Sociology" (as "The Mind and Society" is called in the Italian original) is the construction of a similar conceptual scheme, the social system. This system contains individuals; they are analogous to Gibbs's components. It is heterogeneous (*cf.* Gibbs's phases) for the individuals are of different families, trades, and professions; of different economic and social classes. As Gibbs considers temperature, pressure, and concentrations, so Pareto considers sentiments, or, strictly speaking, the manifestations of sentiments in words and deeds, verbal elaborations, and the economic interests. Like Gibbs, Pareto excludes many factors that are important in special cases, but he, too, has demonstrated that he can do much within the limitations that he has chosen, and that such limitations are necessary.

At this point I owe it to the reader to warn him that the analogies that I have pointed out are accidental. There is not the slightest reason to believe that Pareto was led to his theory by a consideration of the properties of a physico-chemical system, and his work is in no sense an application of natural science to social science. But it is an application of the logical method that has been found useful in all physical sciences when complex situations involving many variables in a state of mutual dependence are described. From long experience Pareto was intimately acquainted with the difficulties and constraints that arise in such an undertaking. And I think he was the first person thus equipped to attack the problem of sociology.

The parts and forces of the social system, like those of all analogous systems, are conceived as in a state of mutual dependence. This arises from the fact that it is, in general, impossible to explain the phenomena in terms of cause and effect, and such an explanation gives place to the type of description previously found necessary for dynamical, thermodynamical, physiological, and economic systems. So it comes about that the central feature of Pareto's use of his theory is the analysis of mutually dependent variations of his variables. In this difficult task he has been aided not only by complete mastery, resulting from his knowledge of mathematics, of the logical principles that are involved, but also by exceptional skill in diagnosis, and by very great learning.

The social system thus defined and characterized is clearly an instrument that may be employed in studying all the above mentioned subjects of the first class; for, like history, literature, law, and theology, all are conversant with the interactions of individuals in their manifold relations, with their sentiments and interests, with their sayings and doings; while none can dispense with considerations of the mutual dependence of many factors. Pareto's Sociology, in so far as it will bear the test of experience, is thus seen to be applicable to all subjects of the first class. This is the ground for his choice of the Italian title: A Treatise on *General* Sociology.

The social system makes its appearance on page 1306 of Pareto's book. It has been preceded by a painstaking choice, discrimination, description, and classification of its elements. The first quarter of the book, a study of the non-logical actions of men, leads up to the demonstration that no other elements of the social system are more important than the sentiments. From this it is inferred that the sentiments must always be methodically considered in the study of any social system whatever. The task, however is beset with difficulties, for we observe only manifestations of the sentiments, not the sentiments themselves. Indeed, the existence of the sentiments in a social system, like the existence of the forces in a dynamical system, is an assumption, a theory, or, in Henri Poincaré's phrase, a convention. Next the sentiments often manifest themselves indistinctly; they are commonly enshrouded in words and in non-logical reasoning; their manifestations occur not singly but in aggregates. Again, our own sentiments interfere with an unprejudiced analysis of the manifestations of the sentiments of others. In particular, students of the social sciences are commonly moved by their own sentiments, "whence proceed," as Bacon said, "sciences as one would." And last, no sentiment is more troublesome than that which leads ideologists, the intelligentsia or intellectuals, and in fact all of us, to mistake as rational what is non-rational in human behavior. This is perhaps the most important of the numerous reasons why Pareto was the first to make a taxonomic study of the manifestations of the sentiments. Meanwhile, a piece of work has been done in their allied but narrower quasi-pathological field by the psychoanalysts. We may well look with suspicion upon psychoanalytical theories, but the facts are firmly established, and they confirm this portion of Pareto's work.

The second part of the book includes a definition, description, and classification of residues and derivations. At this point Pareto has set up two technical terms, hoping to escape the tricks that old terms can play. A residue is the manifestation of a sentiment. A derivation is a non-logical argument, explanation, assertion, appeal to authority, or association of ideas or sentiments in words.

Residues and derivations are found in the verbal utterances and the accompanying actions of men. They are obtained from the concrete phenomena by analysis and abstraction. We need an example. Here is one: Christians practise baptism to efface sin. The ancients used lustral water for ceremonial purifications. Others have similarly used blood; and there are innumerable practices known to anthropologists that are believed to restore the integrity of an individual when it has been injured by the violation of a taboo. In these phenomena there are manifested at least two sentiments; the sentiment of integrity of the individual and the sentiment that actions favorable to this integrity can be performed. These are residues. They may be conceived as the residuum left after the variable features of the phenomena have been put aside. But the phenomena also include an endless variety of ritual practices and the explanations of them. These explanations are derivations. They may be conceived as derived from the sentiments that find expression as residues. The importance of residues far exceeds the importance of derivations.

Theology and metaphysics and parts of law consist, in great measure, of systematic and extensive derivations from certain very important residues like those

(*Continued on page* 10)

Editors' Note

The theories set forth in "The Mind and Society" are so vast, far-reaching, and controversial, that it has seemed advisable to the editors to cover the ground both from the scientific and the general points of view. They therefore asked Professor Henderson to write a scientific analysis of Pareto, Bernard De Voto to explain him for the general reader, and Arthur Livingston to contribute a biographical portrait of the man. They are also fortunate in being able to present a review written in opposition to Pareto's theories, by Benedetto Croce. The three last-mentioned articles appear on pages 11 *and* 12 *of this issue.*

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Chasing Butterflies

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY. By Louis Golding. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE Dickensy humors of London suburbia, Sicilian kidnappings, magic spells and mediumistic hocuspocus, Mafia gunmen and muffiny old gentlemen given to collecting butterflies are among the elements jumbled together by the author of "Magnolia Street" in a curious but entertaining yarn which flickers back and forth between realistic fiction, in a not unfamiliar British style, and mystery melodrama.

The threads of this odd fabric are now and then permitted to join in unexpected and piquant links. The Camberwell Beauty is a rare butterfly which quaint old Mr. Peveril captured one day on Chiswick Green. She is also a beautiful young woman who hailed from Camberwell and sold iced buns and currant bread on Welkin Avenue and ran away with a young Oxford man whose mysterious death in faraway Sicily starts the whole story. There seems to be some sort of mystical connection between the lower middle-class Jinny, with her dark hair and blue eyes, and the exotic insect with its blue discs on a chocolate ground, but it never comes to much. Then, when Mr. Peveril dashes off to Sicily with Leslie, the Oxonian—the dead boy's room-mate—and Alf, the brawny cockney kennelman, determined to clear up the mystery and punish the spiritualistic ogre who appears to have been the cause of their friend's death, what does Mr. Peveril discover when he actually runs "Machatan," otherwise known as Frank Tomlinson, down, but that he, too, is an inveterate butterfly-hunter, and the two of them, in the intervals of Mr. Peveril's detective work, go chasing butterflies together!

Poor Mrs. Granton, whose young husband had died half a century before, just after an idyllic Sicilian honeymoon, also gallops off to find "Machatan"—in the hope of communicating with her dead lover—and with her, her strong-minded and hard-fisted housemaid, Lizzie, and everybody, including the strange females who cluster about the medium, gets together sooner or later, and it turns out that Lizzie knew Frank Tomlinson all along and isn't in the least afraid of him.

The Mafia kidnapping episode, which takes up the better half of the book, is so realistically done that it becomes at times almost a sort of travelogue on this aspect of Sicilian life, but bits of magic are inserted here and there, and we are evidently expected to believe that the stomach pains which afflicted both Cicciu and Tomlinson were induced by the pins stuck into images by their enemies. For an old hand, Mr. Golding slips into curious instants of gush now and then, especially in speaking of Leslie's English and Oxford charms, but on the whole he rounds off his menagerie of characters with warmth and humor and keeps us wondering, in a pleasantly creepy atmosphere, just what is going to happen next.

LOUIS GOLDING

Observation of the Human Spectacle

TIME: THE PRESENT. By Tess Slesinger. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MISS SLESINGER'S reputation as a writer was made by her first—and so far her only—novel, "The Unpossessed." It didn't happen to come my way, and I didn't read it; but in the present book of short stories now before me I find its last chapter, "Missis Flinders," included because that chapter was originally conceived as a story complete in itself. I understand that "The Unpossessed" was a novel of pyrotechnical variety; but if it was all up to sample, so far as the inborn ability to write is concerned, it must have been very good indeed.

Miss Slesinger has an almost voracious curiosity as to what is going on inside of people's minds and how their symptoms are "sagashuating," and she makes guesses so brilliant as to carry the conviction of truth, which is as much as any writer can do. Five years ago she could present us with a perfect transcript of the thoughts and emotions of a German servant girl, and today, in the longest story in her new book, we have from her a complete exploration of the hearts and minds of pupils and teachers at a private school for the daughters of the rich. "One impulse from a vernal wood," said Wordsworth, "may teach you more of man—etc., etc." The blooming of the magnolias, in

Genthe

TESS SLESINGER

Miss Slesinger's long story, teaches you more of women than a good many authors would be able to get into a trilogy!

What I am trying to indicate is that this writer possesses an unusual breadth of human sympathy, has an extremely sensitive memory for moods, and can enter into the emotions of the frustrated and rebellious Ethel Blake out West, or the down-and-out memories of Joey Andrews working frantically in a department-store Christmas rush, with equal adroitness. Her first published story, dating from 1929, "Mother to Dinner," gives an intense psychological conflict in the setting of an actual thunderstorm, and is brilliantly executed. Here first is apparent Miss Slesinger's occasional command of phrases so fortunate as to arouse enthusiasm on the part of the reader. But her ability to handle groups of people had yet to be proved. It has been, and proved to the hilt, not only in her novel but in "The Mouse-Trap," "Jobs in the Sky," and "The Answer on the Magnolia Tree."

Alertly sensitive, this author is not squeamish—she will not omit any detail she thinks necessary to lend verisimilitude; but neither, it seems to me, does she introduce such details merely to shock. She has a decided gift for mimicry and an ear for the speech of today. The almost unbelievable "charm-lady" of the girls' school, and the bold, bad boss of "The Mouse-Trap," with his insidious remarks to his striking employees, are examples of how accurately she has heard and remembered authoritative blah. So is Mr. Marvell's marvellous Christmas speech to the employees of M & J. So far as the form of the stories goes, each has its flexible pattern; and in her observation of the sorry human spectacle Miss Slesinger is never heavy-handed. She sneers at nothing, simply allowing character and event to speak for themselves. Whatever is here to sadden or enrage is indubitably of the present time. This thirty-year-old author already has a right to considerable satisfaction with her fiction. It is convincing as a transcript of life.

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Desire Under the Rubber Plants

THE OTHER WORLD. By Madelon Lulofs. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

THE exotic colors of the East Indies have been effectively portrayed on literary canvases by any number of English, French, and American writers, and by one Pole in particular, who was, of course, the master of them all. Yet it was the people from the Netherlands who colonized the Islands from Sumatra to Papua, and it is the Netherlanders who have achieved, along with the most successful exploitation, the most intimate understanding of the primitive, brown Malay inhabitants. "The Other World" is an epic of this physical and spiritual miscegenation, with high lights thrown upon artificial rows of rubber trees, and a white man who sought wealth and freedom by binding himself over to their care. Who could write that story better than a Dutch woman, born in Sumatra and living there all her life?

Strange it is, but the hero of this tale strikes no single spark of sympathy except the kind that is evoked by bitter pathos. The unwanted son of a poor Amsterdam carpenter, Pieter Vos grows up cowardly, ineffective, clumsy; and worse yet, stupid, a wretched and obsequious butt of life, eternally hungry not only for untasted sweets of the delicatessen window but equally starved for companionship and affection. It was Pieter's lifelong dream to become a man of importance, to live in a wealthy house and be a millionaire so that he could command while others obeyed. Money, he thought, would make everything all right, it would buy him love, friends, respect, *savoir faire,* along with power. It was a chance advertisement that gave him his opportunity, took him to Sumatra as an assistant on a rubber plantation. But the moral of the story is that the leopard did not change his spots. True, by virtue of his white skin and vested authority, Pieter became a Tuan Besar who could lord it over a miserable gang of coolies; but to those whose skins were equally white he remained a weak and malaria-ridden, unassertive lout, a lonely recluse living in a squalid house and intimidated even by a lazy and insolent houseboy.

MADELON LULOFS

At this, the very ebb of his life, good fortune came to him in a strange disguise. His one and only friend, Blom, delivered him into the hands of a native woman, Asminah, who became his housekeeper. Asminah slapped the houseboy into shape, weeded the garden, put in chickens, and taught Pieter what it was to love; with the devotion of a primitive woman whose highest aim is to feed, to nurse, and to protect, she brought order and therefore strength into his disordered life. For once he knew what it was to be the Tuan Besar in his own right.

But, like other men, Pieter could not perceive the sources of his happiness. As the years passed he pushed onward toward his cherished goal—a fortune: he became the weakling catspaw of an unscrupulous manager, Brinkman, who was intent upon skimming an illicit profit from the tide of high prices; he jumped from mere assistant to manager, from poverty to wealth, accepted a block of Brinkman's rubber shares in exchange for his savings, and even took Brinkman's cast-off mistress for a wife, dropping Asminah and the son he had had from her, back into the Malay compound.

The tale moves slowly to a magnificent crisis, and an equally moving end. Perhaps the story is a trifle long, yet it is impossible to skim lightly over the beautifully wrought prose as it weaves lovely, descriptive arabesques, or expertly dramatizes the characters and the forces that act upon the ever pathetic man. Effortless yet convincing details of tropical life carry one smoothly along until the last scenes in which the jungle is inexorably invading the abandoned plantation, decay is slowly devouring the white man's work; even while Pieter's ugly, futile, pathetic body is racked by a malarial death, the little happiness that he might claim is spoiled by petty jealousy of Asminah and their half-caste son. Yet he can still hope: where death humbles others, him it will free, will reconcile with life, will grant at last his wish for equality with other men.

More than just a colorful story of the East, "The Other World" is a moving and majestic tale of unfulfilled desire, of perpetual loneliness. The translation is most expertly done.

Homer W. Smith, author of "Komongo," recently followed that book with a novel entitled "The End of Illusion."

MICHAEL FESSIER

A Modern Fantasy

FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND. By Michael Fessier. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

ONE way to account for the peculiar blend of this novel would be to say that when a writer is born of French-Irish parents you will encounter in him sooner or later the vividly realistic mixed with the fantastical. It is one of those books you read at a sitting and don't lay down. It is all about a little old man with green eyes, the embodiment of the principle of evil, and a modern Undine out in Golden Gate Park, both of whom proceed to haunt the hero of the story—who is no hero—almost to the point of bringing him to the electric chair or to insanity. Trelia, the swimming girl, is the innocent wild dream of beauty that exists in the minds of most artists. As for the little old man, he is a fiend in human form, so quietly introduced, so extraordinary in his sudden appearances, so sinister in his laconic remarks, that he amounts to a new creation in fiction, and yet bears a weird resemblance almost to a Rube Goldberg creation.

The originality of this short novel consists in the story being told apparently by quite a commonplace young man in a perfectly straightforward fashion, the background being the San Francisco of today, of realistic police-stations and the third degree, among other matters. In it there are both humor and terror. And though the fundamentals of the story do not appear, on retrospect, to be of any great subtlety, there is no doubt that Mr. Fessier can write in a highly readable manner. For an evening's entertainment —if you do not mind the heartily gruesome — the fully-dressed-and-right-minded young man's encounters with the frankly impossible may be recommended.

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First Impressions

HASTA LA VISTA. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY WELLES DURHAM

"ONLY two kinds of people write books about Latin America," said my room-mate, another veteran tropical tramp, "those who have spent a day or two ashore, and those who were never there. If you've lived there, you know too much to write it."

Santa Elena bringing me back from a winter job in the tropics, was moving up from Quarantine in a chilly fog last week. Astern was *Santa Maria* just in from Valparaiso, sending me no warning that she was the heroine of the next story I was to read. Liberty and the skyscrapers, seen through the mist from a wet deck, seemed a poor exchange for the tropical warmth, and we were a bit fed up with some of the Grace tourists. "Did you see the old girl who worked me for a cocktail last night?" he continued, "she's going to write a book about Guatemala. She studied the country for several weeks."

My own sentiments were about the same, although I had three classes, to include the very serious writers who study second-hand archæology and politics. All of which is by way of introducing to others the very pleasant surprise that greeted me and forced me to expand my collection to four classes, the last containing just one book, admittedly written by a tourist who does not attempt the role of guide or prophet, but merely tells most entertainingly and in his own wittily philosophic style, of a trip to Lima and back.

"Hasta la Vista" is remarkable at first reading for what it does not attempt. The author had seen and learned enough on his journey to have produced another of those books which the earnest lady tourists study so diligently in their deck chairs; the latest studies of the Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas; the true stories of the wicked dictators and adventurers, the evil foreign capitalists, and oppressive Uncle Sam with his grasping policy. He could have elaborated tales of perilous exploration ashore, based on smoking room yarns and hasty trips by automobile and railroad, and he could have talked knowingly of politics and the future. Finally, he could have filled his book with photographs, on sale at each point visited to those who have not the time or the opportunity to make their own, as was done by one author who learned enough on a trip by air to produce a fat book about most of South and all Central America. Instead of lending the prestige of his name and style to such an obvious work, Mr. Morley has produced something infinitely better, a record of first impressions, and an account of a trip which will give the reader who has not made it, a much clearer picture of the countries visited than any amount of guide book description, padded with sophomoric theorizing and pseudo-history and science. To one reader who has passed much of his life in, or travelling through, the region described, the author has given pleasure, both in the revival of memories of familiar scenes, and by the unassuming comments from a fresh viewpoint.

To have been able to do as Christopher Morley has done, in describing so entertainingly and lucidly what he has seen, and his impressions thereon, during a forty day trip from New York, through the Canal to Peru and back, as to give to the reader who has never been there, a desire to take the same journey, and an idea of what it will be, and to interest one to whom it is an old story without awakening the least desire to correct, makes his work outstanding among current travel literature and books which proclaim to the reader how much more the author knows of the countries described than he can possibly impart. To abstract it in outline is impossible and would be useless. It must be read to be appreciated. It is not a travel guide, although a delightful narrative of travel, interspersed with a running comment, sometimes serious, sometimes whimsical.

Mr. Morley's remarks on so-called luxury ships and sea travel should be read and pondered by all who call ships boats, and rate them by their built-in pools and tennis courts. So, too, he earns several good marks in his review of Panama. He should be assured, however, that one oddity he noticed seems to have been rectified. There are now no right-angle turns in Culebra cut. As to Colon and Panama he notes much that never gets into the guide books and going down the West Coast past the Equator to Peru, continues with always entertaining and original comment on the ports and incidents aboard.

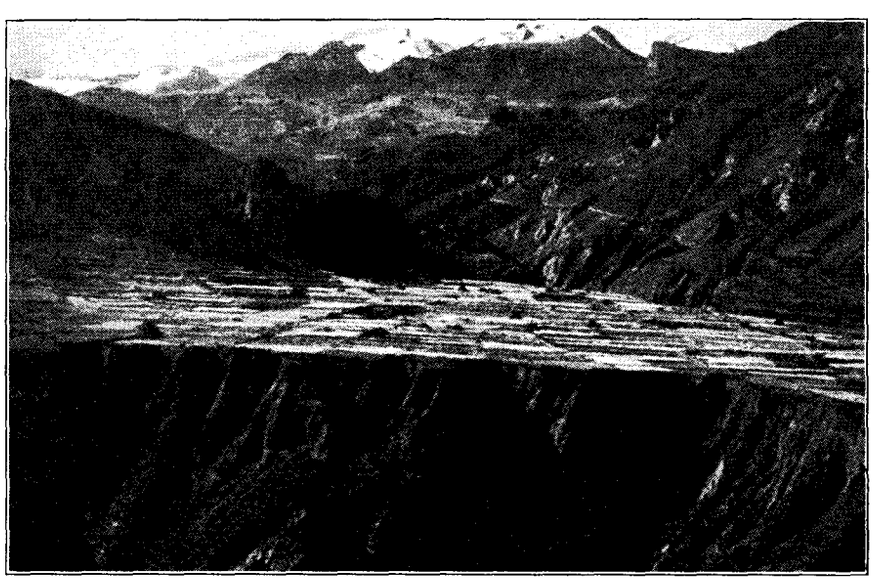
Some of his remarks, of course, he might modify after intensive research, probably to the detriment of the book. It isn't meant to educate, which is what makes it of value. Still, in defense of Prescott, we must tell him that there are fertile green valleys in Peru, even though they are not seen from the coast. And Mr. Morley missed seeing one fertile oasis and the scene of some of Palma's best tales by not going ashore at Huacho.

Quite the best of "Hasta la Vista" is in the last hundred pages covering a fortnight in Lima. Much more of less value has been written about shorter stays by less keen observers, which brings to mind the old definition of research, "more and more about less and less," but few travel comments about the place are so informing or less didactic. If for no other reason the book would be notable for its generally correct use of Spanish. We incline to the belief that Mr. Morley knows much more of the language than he pretends, in cheerful contrast to authors like the writer of the Hollywood romance of San Luis Rey who could not even spell the name of his leading character correctly as Mr. Morley has done.

Finally, for good measure, the book contains an index and glossary in which but one serious error appears, and that surely was overlooked in reading proof. Such a connoisseur of beverages must know that Pisco is a brandy made from Peruvian wine.

"Hasta la Vista" is a title well chosen, for any reader will wish to meet the author again.

Henry Welles Durham has spent a large part of an engineering career of note in South and Central America.



AGRICULTURE ON A PERUVIAN PLATEAU
The inhabitants have cultivated every foot of flat soil.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Poetry and Modern Life

In a recent book by Geoffrey Bullough, entitled "The Trend of Modern Poetry," he quotes in his last chapter these lines from a modern, Mr. John Davenport:

Eliot, Rabelais, Dryden, Donne,
Bless the bed that I lie on,
Blake, Rimbaud, Marvell, Voltaire,
Swift, Joyce, Proust, and Baudelaire. . .

This, as he says, suggests amusingly some allegiances of the modern "cerebral" poets. But he points out how the most recent English writers in verse—you know the triumvirate before we name it (Auden, Spender, and Day Lewis) "have broken through the cramping fashion of recondite verse, the ever-narrowing circle of 'Pure Poetry,'" and have been striving to bring back "spontaneity, energy, flowing lines." Eliot and Pound, the two chief influencers of a horde of disciples, filed a "common plea for a literature of scholarly intelligence." But the effect upon their disciples was a stampede in the general direction of the esoteric, the pedantic, the almost impenetrably obscure. The "cerebral school" became an incubus and a succubus in this department of literature. It seemed to be draining the very life-blood out of poetry; until today in America we have the astonishing spectacle, among our most recent writers, of a novelist evincing more vigor, more élan, more true poetic gusto than nine-tenths of our latest poets. We refer to Mr. Thomas Wolfe. Whatever his faults as a novelist, the Elizabethans would certainly have recognized him as blood-kin; and while our world of today is not the Elizabethan world, our discoveries not those of the merchant-adventurers in the youth of the world, surely it is an exciting enough epoch in which to live. In fact the gestation of this first half of the twentieth century seems too great a throe for modern poets to grasp, just as the advance of modern science and all its concomitants is as yet with difficulty being absorbed into modern poetic expression.

The writer of this editorial does believe, however, that a start has been made at interpretation by the English poets above named, tortuous and confused though their efforts may be as yet in that direction. The age is too full of conflicting sensations for any Wordsworthian tranquillity, in which to recollect emotion. In fact, it is difficult enough to collect one's thoughts in the face of the multiplex nature of modern life! As for Matthew Arnold's injunction to "see life steadily and see it whole," the possibility of that has gone glimmering, if, indeed, it was ever possible. All of which being taken into consideration, a headlong enthusiasm for life does seem to be returning, in place of the "frivolously decorative or elaborately erudite" in poetry, or the aloofly esoteric. It does not matter what political affiliations the poets affect, so long as such affiliation serves as a means to produce verse that will no longer turn inward upon itself, becoming so involved in self-analysis as to be so much gibberish to the average intelligence. If poetry is to establish no immediate—yes, and emotional—contact with the people, but simply to bombinate *in vacuo*, one can see no reason for its being; no reason except that it be placed in the category of riddles.

The material of the modern world, with which the modern poet has to deal, is, as has been noted, of so multifold a character as constantly to frustrate expression. Consequently we are witnessing considerable flounderings-about as to means of expression, the endeavor to assimilate into poetry all modern phenomena, the endeavor to evolve new forms adapted to the expression of sensations alien to other periods. To take a crude and obvious instance, we are as familiar today with traffic through the air as were the Elizabethans with traffic by sea. And though this, together with such phenomena as radio communication (which would have seemed no less than sorcery to other times!), rapidly becomes a commonplace to the ordinary man, the poet's function has always been to show us the miraculous nature of such things, to open our eyes to wonders, to increase our range of vision. That also is his function in regard to changes in the social order; to quicken and expand the intelligence of man. Today his prophetic robes have dropped from him, he is no longer regarded as the seer, the priest of a vision. That may be just as well. Poets are but human beings practising to the best of their ability a certain art. But they should certainly have more heart for the practice of that art than many have had of late; withdrawing as they have into the purely intellectual, contenting themselves with wit and erudition.

We are not decrying "a literature of scholarly intelligence." We are merely glad of certain signs that larger poetic energies are being again released. Just before the Great War we experienced here in the United States a sudden—one might almost call it an "explosion" of poetic energy. It came at a time when certain dicta were to the effect that poetry as a means of artistic expression was "dead," that prose was to be the medium of the future. In the general apathy and disillusionment following the war, the same murmurings recurred—until a few new names of great brightness established themselves. Latterly the murmurings have recurred again, chiefly because so many poets seemed to have traversed the Wasteland into an arid intellectualism. (He who indicated its existence having found it necessary to retreat into the round-tower of a Faith.) But history repeats itself; and though poetry may go down into the desert for awhile, it returns eventually to the life of men, with strong singing.

T. E. Lawrence It is one of the curiosities of national temperament that the English who so habitually take a common sense attitude toward life should ever and again fall under the spell of romance. The latest instance of this duality of nature is in the hero worship which during the past few years has been focussed upon T. E. Lawrence whose tragic death, as we go to press, has just been announced. An archæologist known only to a small group of fellow students when the war broke out, his feat in leading the Arabs to victory against the Turkish enemy raised him to the position of a popular idol after the declaration of peace. Immediately he became a legend, and no avoidance of publicity, no effort at anonymity, was potent to still the interest which his career had aroused. Soldier and scholar both, he caught the fancy of the man in the street as well as of the man of books. The personality of the man cannot be compressed into a note. The editors of *The Saturday Review* wish here merely to record the passing of a glamorous figure and hope in the near future to present a portrayal of the man by one who knew him other than through report.

Ten Years Ago

In the issue of May 23rd, 1925, The Saturday Review recommended "Der Zauberberg," by Thomas Mann, in an article by A. W. G. Randall on "Literature Abroad." Readers who enjoyed "The Magic Mountain" when it was published in English in 1927, will agree with this early opinion: "*Far superior to any transcription of life. . . a lesson in the technique of fiction. . . . He* [Thomas Mann] *is hardly likely to be deposed from the position he held . . . of being the most considerable of living German novelists.*"

Today

The Saturday Review recommends these new books:

TIME: THE PRESENT. By Tess Slesinger. See review on page 5.

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY. By Louis Golding. See review on page 5.

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Letters to the Editor: *Two Versions of a Plot; Shane Leslie on Mr. W. H.*

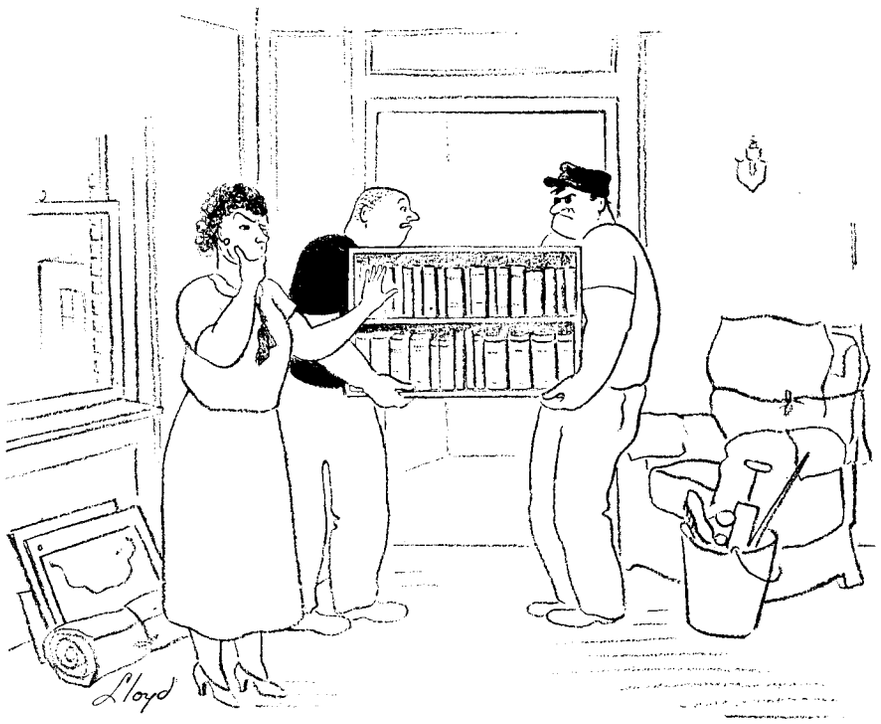
From Mr. Walbridge

SIR:—Yes, I had books like those Mr. Morley mentions (issue May 11th). I had Charles G. D. Roberts's "The Kindred of the Wild," illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull, and it was almost more than a romantic Vermont child could stand. I think his "The Heart of the Ancient Wood" ranks with "The Wept of Wishton-Wish" as the most enchanting book-title. I had the Millar illustrations to the E. Nesbit books. Then there were Maxfield Parrish's illustrations to "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days." There's a copy of "The Wouldbegoods" with the Reginald Birch pictures for sale on Sixth Avenue. . . .

But it's an open and shut case, Mr. van Druten! W. Graham Robertson's autobiography, "Life Was Worth Living," was published four years ago, in plenty of time for your "very eminent contemporary novelist" to appropriate the idea. Wilde charmed away Robertson's toothache with the yarn about his poor Aunt Jane. When he was through and had left, Robertson's mother said, "Poor, dear woman, what a comfort it is to feel quite sure that she ever existed."

EARLE WALBRIDGE.

New York City.



"SHE MUST THINK WE'RE A COUPLE OF BOOK-ENDS."

For Mr. Van Druten

SIR:—Mr. John Van Druten may be interested in a German version of his anecdote. Ludwig Fulda's "Unter Vier Augen," a short play, concerns itself with a dinner party at which the guests never arrive. The aged family butler unwittingly fails to mail the invitations and thus gives a young husband a chance to spend one evening alone with his society-minded wife. No one dies in this, however, and there are no parvenus.

RICE ESTES.

St. George, N. Y.

Mr. W. H.

SIR:—As long as time lasts efforts will be made to decipher Mr. W. H. Mr. Clarkson's suggestion is fascinating but unproven. There must have been one thousand young men with the initials W. H. in England at the time, but that is not proof that he was the beloved of Shakespeare. In the Morgan Library is an interesting contemporary MS with two of the Sonnets actually written therein belonging to a Mr. William Heygate, who for a wild moment was conceived to have filled the bill, partly because of his initials and partly because he was then sweet seventeen! The possibility that Shakespeare was playing on the name of Will Hughes appears in the line of Sonnet Twenty:

> "A man in Hew all Hews in his controlling"

and this is in favor of Mr. Clarkson's candidate of whom nothing is yet known in Elizabethan documents though we shall now all be on the lookout. There are the Pembroke and Southampton theories, and when they break down one is left at the end of many years and many researches cursing the fact that Shakespeare had not the courage to proclaim his Platonic passion by name as well as by everlasting poetry. Mr. Clarkson is wrong in believing that William Hughes has "remained a mere name instead of an actual person." Two years ago Lord Alfred Douglas informed me that he had a contemporary reference to a "Master Will Hughes" who was admitted to the freedom of the City of Canterbury. This is recorded in the archives of the Cathedral, and Will Hughes is described as "formerly apprentice to John Marlowe" (the father of Christopher).

Was this Mr. Clarkson's Will Hughes?

SHANE LESLIE.

Notre Dame, Ind.

Thinking of Some One Else?

SIR:—For some years, in the gazettes of North and South America, I have encountered photographs of that star of the literary firmament, Waldo Frank, with his noble dome bared utterly to the rising sun. When I say bared, I mean just that—not merely hatless, as is the fashion of the day, but bare of the slightest vestige of hirsute adornment. . . . And behold, in this week's issue of your lively picture paper, a photograph of Mr. Frank in conversation with a Mr. Cowley, and exhibiting a shock—or well, if not a shock, at least a considerable growth—of what looks like real, live hair. . . .

Can it be that Mr. Frank's recent association with the Utopians of the Left is responsible for this extraordinary cranial renaissance? If this is so, if Mr. Frank can show that Extreme Marxism, among its other attributes, is able to grow hair on a scalp long devoid of the slightest vestige thereof, then the Great Day is surely at hand. No one can doubt for a moment that such miraculous powers will win for the Extreme Left enough adherents in a day to take over the reins of government in Washington. . . . But alas, I have my doubts, for even the Great Tovarich Lenin rests in his tomb, completely hairless.

B. VLADIMIR BERMAN.

New York City.

From Samuel Putnam

SIR:—May I call your attention to a regrettable error in identifying me, the author of "A Brazilian Letter," in your issue of May 4, as a member of the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh? I am in no way connected with that institution, nor, for that matter, with any other. I am sorry the mistake occurred. It was doubtless due to the fact that I gave a series of lectures in the neighborhood of the university about a year ago.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Lambertville, N. J.

Superstitions

SIR:—I am compiling a work on superstitions of America, and wish the aid of your readers in gathering the material. Any superstitious custom or belief, "lucky" and "unlucky" thing, or omen, that you have ever heard of will be welcome to me. Also I will be glad to receive material relating to charms and superstitious remedies for illness.

J. A. LESLIE.

No. 58248. Ohio State Prison,
Columbus, Ohio.

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Pareto's Science of Society

(*Continued from page 4*)

involving the words justice, duty, sanctity, and absolute. Some of these residues are not only important, but very useful and probably necessary for the survival of a social system. The complexes of psychoanalysis, or strictly speaking the manifestations of the complexes, include another important group of residues. A rationalization is one kind of derivation.

These things, residues and derivations, must be classified to be known, and Pareto has classified them; the residues with mediocre success, the derivations very acceptably. The residues fall into six classes. He calls the first class the residues of combinations and the second, the persistent aggregates; and these two classes serve his purpose well. Residues of the first class are attributes of inventors, speculators, politicians, and skilful leaders. Residues of the second class are found among those who are devoted to family, caste, church, and the community, in *rentiers*, and in good subordinates. The remaining four classes provide useful labels for the facts and hardly serve any other purpose. However, I venture to suggest that long experience in the natural sciences has taught the inestimable advantage of any classification over none, and I think that Pareto knew well what he was about when he made shift with a classification that did not please him, as an aid in a wide survey of facts.

The classification and description of derivations is perhaps the most finished portion of the whole work. At this point some of the leading ideas may possibly have arisen from Bacon's "Idols" or from other sources; but the hard substance of this remarkable study is Pareto's. Like Bacon, he, too, was a man of the world and a scholar. If he was not a lord chancellor, he had other advantages as an engineer and scientist, and behind him were three hundred years more of experience. In his study of the derivations he knew how to exploit all his advantages.

The last half of the book is synthetic, but like all the rest it is enriched with a profusion of diverse and well chosen facts. Pareto works up to his system, then defines it, and finally tests it in a survey of important aspects of the history of Europe. We can no longer follow him here, for these eight hundred pages are incompressible. To some readers they will seem to be prolegomena to a philosophy of history. But this view would be misleading, for they are chiefly the result of Pareto's singularly pertinacious effort to make use of his instrument and method in the study of the actual social systems that were known to him. So far as he was able, he approached this task in the spirit of a scientific investigator.

Long before, he had written:

> Each of us has within a secret adversary who tries to prevent him . . . from abstaining from the mixture of his own sentiments with logical deductions from facts. In noting this general defect, I well know that I am not exempt. My sentiments lead me to favor freedom; therefore I have taken pains to react against them. But it may be that I have gone too far and, fearing to give too much weight to the arguments in favor of freedom, have not given them enough weight. . . . In any case, since I am not quite sure that this source of error is absent, it is my duty to point it out.

Such was Pareto's position when he began his sociological studies. It never changed. But one of the most valuable results of these studies was a complete demonstration of the well-nigh universal presence, except in the most austere sciences, of derivations in the writings of men; we may recall with a change of reference, *quod ab omnibus, quod ubique, quod semper*. Thus from long frequentation and familiarity Pareto became even more amply aware of the danger, and, like an experienced physician, almost intuitively aware of it. Nevertheless, in the course of his labors he often lightened his effort and permitted himself the relief of parenthetical expressions of certain sentiments. But these interjections are no more than asides that leave the substance of the work unchanged. On the other hand, it is probable that he had not acquired complete immunity, and that from time to time he unconsciously fell into errors of the kind that he so well describes. Indeed he has, I think, demonstrated that complete immunity to non-logical thinking is impossible.

PARETO ABOUT 1890

I hope that it will now be clear that the prevalent description of Pareto as the Karl Marx of the bourgeoisie or of fascism is nothing more than a derivation. It is a fact that Signor Mussolini has attributed his abandonment of socialism to the teaching of Pareto. It is also true that among the Fascists and the Nazis, Pareto's work is much esteemed, though perhaps not always understood. But his writings are no less applicable to France, England, the United States, and Russia than to Italy and Germany, and Pareto himself preferred to all other governments those of some of the smaller Swiss cantons.

On some persons this book has an effect like that frequently produced by the works of Machiavelli. For similar reasons, similar sentiments are stirred. Among these reasons the chief is that both Machiavelli and Pareto "write what men do and not what they ought to do." In order to understand this it is necessary to distinguish between subjects that include the residues and derivations of others and writings that exhibit the author's own residues and derivations.

It is often said that this work is anti-intellectual. If the term anti-intellectual is defined so as to make the statement true, it is true. Pareto held that a scientist's own residues and derivations are out of place in science. He demonstrated the abundant presence of certain kinds of residues and derivations in the writings of social scientists and explained how this condition interferes with the advancement of learning. He also held that the influence of these particular residues and derivations in the determination of public policy is disastrous. He says, "Like Chinese mandarins European 'intellectuals' are the worst of rulers; and the fact that European 'intellectuals' have played a less important role than mandarins in government is one of the numerous reasons why the fate of the peoples of Europe has been different from that of the Chinese." Does this perchance classify the failure of Woodrow Wilson and his intelligent advisers or of Mr. Hoover's Commissions and surveys, on the one hand, and the success of the nineteenth century English policy of muddling through, on the other?

Pareto's whole life was devoted mainly to science, and few have surveyed science more broadly, or more shrewdly analyzed it. His "Sociology" is the culminating work of this long life, a synthesis of his wide experience. Industry, skill, method, encyclopedic knowledge, initiative, originality, stubborn consecutive continuous thought are terms that describe it. It is a scientific treatise.

This book bears all the marks of early scientific work. Therefore, no sensible and experienced man will suppose that it is free from numerous and important errors of fact, or from mistakes of inference and judgment. Above all, it is inconceivable that the treatment of such a subject should be complete and exhaustive. But Pareto's errors and omissions will come to light if the work is continued, and this work is of the kind, being scientific, that can be continued by others. Thus sooner or later, it will be superseded in use by that which will rest upon it as a foundation. No one knew this better than Pareto, who took pleasure in saying that the sooner his "Sociology" was supplanted, the greater its success would be. Meanwhile, it is an indispensable book.

Lawrence Joseph Henderson is professor of biological chemistry in Harvard University. He is the author of "The Order of Nature," etc. His latest book, "Pareto's General Sociology: A Physiologist's Interpretation," will shortly be published by the Harvard University Press.

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The Importance of Pareto

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

"THE Mind and Society" is hardly more than Newton's "Principia" a book to be read. If anyone is willing to spend the equivalent of eighteen eight-hour days entertaining himself with oddities of learning, scholarly versatility, and Pareto's fine irony, all right. But make no mistake about it, you will know little or nothing about Pareto if you merely read his book. It is a book to be learned as one learns the integral calculus or the technic of microscopy—and for much the same purpose. That will take considerably more than three weeks, for it implies first understanding a difficult and complex method, then mastering it, and finally applying it to some field of knowledge in which you are adept. Will the general reader find such an expenditure of time and thought justified? I think so.

It comes down to this: I first read "The Mind and Society" in the fall of 1927, I learned a great deal from it, and I have been using it ever since. I have found it not only a means of understanding (so far as I may claim to understand) the events and movements of these times, and not only a dependable and highly useful instrument for the interpretation of every-day social intercourse, thought, and behavior all about me; I found it also by far the most important single instrument I have ever used for the analysis of the field of knowledge in which I have some authority, American social history.

It has altogether made over my ideas in some parts of that field, it has modified them in many parts, and clarified them in all parts, and it has illumined some places to which I was convinced no light could ever be brought. That is the testimony of a social historian. Among my acquaintances similar testimony is offered by a political historian, a mathematician, an industrial engineer, a psychiatrist, an anthropologist, a lawyer, and the executive head of a research organization which is making a study as complex as that described in "Middletown." These men work in widely different fields. They report that Pareto's book has helped them. Pareto frequently reminds us that the sole test of a scientific theory is its results in experience.

Whenever you have two or more people acting or even talking together, you have a social system. The behavior that results, from the simplest conversation to the operation of the most intricate social institutions, is affected by properties of the system itself. The study of those properties is of the first importance, and is liable to profound and subtle errors of fact and interpretation. Pareto undertakes to develop and apply a method of studying a social system objectively, to the end that uniformities may be perceived in it, if any exist. He undertakes to free social analysis from fallacies of thought, language, and emotion, and especially from the subjective errors of the people who compose the system and of the analyst himself. It is a purpose which the general reader must understand before he begins and which he must learn, after discouraging failures, to bear in mind. For any reader's mastery of this method is certain to be impeded by his own emotional response—his own non-logical actions.

Two pitfalls may be mentioned here. He must not suppose that Pareto is writing in defence of or attack on any dogma whatever, economic, political, philosophical, or ethical. Again, it must not be supposed that "The Mind and Society" is a philosophy of history, like Spengler's, or a system of sociology, like Spencer's. The book is an effort to establish a (rough, preliminary, tentative) method for the objective analysis of complex social phenomena by the isolation of certain important parts of such phenomena. It is an effort to free social thinking from philosophical, doctrinal, subjective, and literary fallacies so that verifiable and usable results may be obtained. It is that and only that.

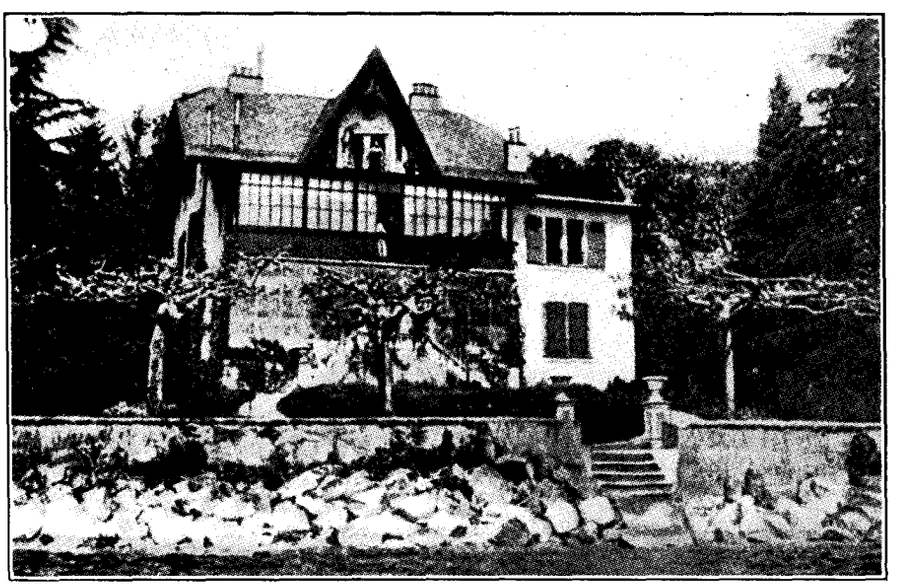
I advise the general reader to avoid all reviews, except as phenomena to which Pareto's method may be applied. The book cannot be reviewed—it cannot even be discussed—short of a good many thousand words. It cannot be intelligently discussed by people who report on it after a hasty reading. It cannot be reviewed by literary critics, professional philosophers, or people who insist on regarding it as defence of or propaganda against some system of belief.

Two things remain to be said. First, the book is so intolerably long and the illustrative material is so intolerably plentiful for a bedrock reason. One of the greatest impediments to precision in social analysis results from the mind's verbalizing activity. The pitfalls and fallacies of language beset the social scientist at every step he takes, and the mind's willingness to regard words as things multiplies them. Pareto has chosen the only known way to obviate them: he piles up illustrations of a phenomenon till the mind fixes on the phenomenon and not on the words which describe it.

Again, practically none of the material used in the book is new, and, in the course of two thousand pages, Pareto sometimes makes mistakes of fact or interpretation, contradicts earlier statements, forces his material too far or fails to carry it far enough, and confuses his categories.

No claim for Pareto's omniscience or for the infallibility of his method should be permitted those converts whose championship of this book will be quite as emotional as attacks on it by outraged dissenters. Its ultimate bearing on anything, if indeed such a phrase has any meaning, is indeterminable. This can be said with certainty: limits to its accuracy and usefulness exist within the fields of thought where it is applicable, but in its creation of a technic for the more accurate analysis of social phenomena, in its exposition of the functions of irrationality in society, and in its announcement of social continuities, it is a work of the very highest genius. In all branches of inquiry that deal with the relationships of mankind there is some use for Pareto's hypotheses and method. The use is the important thing: if Pareto has given the social sciences a useful instrument, as a good many people believe, then his importance in the modern world cannot be questioned.

Bernard De Voto's earlier essay on Pareto, "A Primer for Intellectuals," was published in this Review *in* 1933.



PARETO'S "VILLA ANGORA" AT CELIGNY

Photographs on cover, pages 10 *and* 11, *from Bousquet's "Vilfredo Pareto" (Payot).*

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Vilfredo Pareto

A Biographical Portrait

By Arthur Livingston

PARETO was born in Paris in 1848 of a French mother and an Italian political exile who had become a French citizen—the Marquis Raffaele Pareto. That gentleman took advantage of the Franco-Italian episode of '59 to return to Italy and seek a living as a government employee under the new kingdom. He was a civil engineer on the railroads with headquarters at first in Turin. That was why Vilfredo Federico Damaso Pareto (the middle names came from uncles) got his secondary education in Turin and went on through the famous Polytechnical Institute of that city whence he graduated in 1870. In 1871 Pareto's family moved with the rest of the Piedmontese bureaucracy to Rome, and he himself began his career there as an engineer in the railroads department. In 1874 he went to Florence as superintendent of a group of iron mines located in the Arno Valley. For a moment the political career that was traditional in his family beckoned to him. However he had none of the temperament of the politician. Beaten in his first campaign as an opposition candidate on a free-trade platform for the district of Pistoia, he retired from politics for good and ever bore a deep-seated grudge against the parliamentary system.

Between 1882 and 1892, we find Pareto living in studious retirement first in Florence and then in Fiesole, preparing himself and offering himself for a professorship in economics which is never accorded him in Italy. In 1894 the opportunity comes from abroad, when Leon Walras selects him for the chair he is himself to vacate at Lausanne. Pareto was to live quietly in Switzerland for the rest of his life, that is, to August 19, 1923, when he died in his villa in Celigny (Geneva). One hears of a very rare trip to Italy, of a few others as far as Paris, London, or Berlin.

Pareto made his name from the standpoint of Italy for his current comment on public affairs in the decade between 1894 and 1904. Even then his political position was peculiar. A furious critic of what he called the pluto-demagogic régime in Italy, he was just as severe in his arraignment of parliamentary socialism (that other pole of Italian political life), so that in those early days he could be dubbed in the socialist press the "Karl Marx of the bourgeoisie." (I imported that slogan for my campaigns for Pareto in the early twenties. I believe I saw it first dripping from the pen of Mussolini in *Avanti*. The earliest document I can at present point to is the Pareto obituary in the *Giornale d'Italia*, August 20, 1923.) As a relentless foe of the Italian government his house in Lausanne was the Mecca of Italian political exiles (even Mussolini); as an anti-socialist he was a sort of god of the Liberal opposition (see Prezzolini-Papini in the days of *Il regno*.) Subtract anything that smacks of state worship and state tyranny from fascism (that is subtracting a whole lot), one can therefore see that biographically as well as theoretically there is a pre-fascist something about Pareto. Subtracting sentimentalism from pre-war anarchism (that is subtracting almost everything) and adding to it (that is almost impossible) an all-absorbing passion for scientific thinking, one can feel in Pareto's love of freedom, in his anti-bureaucratic spirit, a certain temperamental kinship between him and men like Malatesta and Bakhunin. I leave for those who know to say whether such feeling may or may not have figured in Pareto's romance with Bakhunin's daughter.

In the case of Pareto, one must temper one's fondness for labelling people by this or that group. No man ever lived more perfectly than he "above the mêlée." There was something Olympian (as well, at times, as something petulant) in his aloofness from the everyday world, which, in his theory and in his conviction he regarded as the playground of sentiment. Early in the century he inherited wealth, and for a time, as a concession to his wife, the Princess Bakhunin, he became a capital host and entertainer. But after that he lapsed into greater aloofness from people than ever and in his later years he had an almost pathological terror of meeting anyone not of the familiar circle. His extravagant love of animals was not discordant with this detachment from human beings, on which his first marriage came to grief. Pareto's great hobby was Angora cats, of which he had dozens, one cat, in particular, lying in his lap or nestling about his neck like a fur collar while he wrote at his desk. To cats he eventually added birds, and finally squirrels. He had, it is said, trained one squirrel to eat only out of his hand, so that when he died the squirrel went on a hunger strike and died too.

Proverbial also is Pareto's wit in conversation. His biographers will have plenty of fun in assembling the roster of his off-hand jests, made frequently at the expense of people who ventured to argue with him without complete mastery of the Paretan analytical categories. But there are other anecdotes of a more genial temper. Here is one that I plagiarize from Vittorio Racca. Shortly after Pareto had received his inheritance and while his hospitality was soaring on sumptuous wing, a family friend from Genoa called on a visit of condolence:

"You have no idea how sad I am," said the friend. "So it is true then? Your poor uncle has passed to a better life?"

"Alas, yes!" said Pareto. "But so have we."

Arthur Livingston, associate professor of Romance languages at Columbia University, has translated many works from the Italian into English in addition to his rendition of Pareto's masterpiece.

The Validity of Pareto's Theories

By Benedetto Croce

THE editor of the second Italian edition of Pareto's "Treatise on Sociology" calls it "one of the most admirable masterpieces of Italian genius," but though it may displease the reverence which is growing up in regard to so worthy a man as Pareto, I can say no less than that it is rather a case of the scientific study of monsters. It exhibits in typical form what happens when one attempts to construct a science of human society and of politics with the methods of positivism, and when one proceeds seriously to carry out that sort of business. Note well that I say the methods of positivism, and not the methods of the natural sciences, for the latter do not contradict philosophic and historical intelligence but rather presuppose it as the basis of their constructions. The methods of positivism on the contrary, as used by Pareto, are the methods of an extravagant philosophy, founded on an impossible logic, which attempts to treat spiritual acts as merely external things, and to classify them and to find their relations, uniformities, and "laws," and accepts the results as those of true science.

The consequence is that Pareto executes nothing that he attempts, because it is intrinsically impossible of execution; but with enormous labor he builds up constructions that are either devoid of any determinate sense, or when they have sense, are quite obvious, that is, merely derived from commonly accepted thought. For example, he distinguishes two kinds of action, logical and non-logical. But by logical actions he sometimes means actions that are merely utilitarian or economic, and by non-logical actions those that are moral or religious (an echo of the old terminology of English seventeenth-century ethics); whereas at other times he conceives of logical actions as those that are coherent and non-logical actions as incoherent. However this may be, whether we understand them in one sense or the other, the two classes are no discovery of Pareto, and in neither sense have they been dialèctically deduced and demonstrated, but remain merely vague assertions.

Another example is his theory of "residues" (which seem to be nothing but so-called "sentiments") and of "derivations," that is, the manner in which men think or pretend to think. A third example is his theory of social *élites*. These, he says, arise, increase, grow feeble, and finally give way to new groups, dying out (as in sixteenth century Italy) because there prevailed in the older group the "residues" of Class I over those of Class II, that is the instinct of combination over the persistence of aggregates; which is merely saying what in the old histories

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and in our poor current speech we call the prevalence of intelligence over will or of nerves over muscles.

Instead of developed and determinate theories of sociology and of politics, which Pareto does not give and is in no position to give, what we find in the stout volumes of his work are quite other things: translations, as it were, into mathematical symbols of the truths and beliefs given by ordinary common sense; countless anecdotes drawn largely from ancient Greek texts but much more largely from the daily newspapers of his own time; innumerable eruptions of temper of an exasperated and pessimistic moralist; bizarre sallies and outbursts of antipathy against "metaphysics," Plato, Kant, Hegel, etc.; and, most curious of all, incessant attacks on those who band together for the improvement of public and private morals and who agitate against obscene books and postcards. To this last point Pareto returns over and over again, and it is difficult, in fact, to understand the motive for so much irritation. In my own case, for instance, these moralists cause me no annoyance whatever, and I am hardly aware of their existence. But it is quite impossible, most of all, to understand how a writer so disturbed and irritable could ever have held before himself the ideal of the calm and dispassionate scientist, the cold observer, the indifferent mathematical calculator, and have recognized himself in it.

There is only one aspect in which Pareto's work presents any real interest. It is his constant assertion of force as the creator of political facts, against democratic conceptions. For this reason the book, in the political struggles of our day, will please not a few people. But the anti-democratic argument and the exaltation of force have been expressed by so many voices at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, that Pareto can be considered only as one of these many voices. It would be quite another task (and one for which Pareto was unsuited) to penetrate and illuminate with the intellect the problem of democracy and anti-democracy, and to assign the proper significance and the logical limits to these diverse and contrasting exigencies of historic life.

In stating frankly my judgment of this book, I do not intend to detract from the merits of Pareto's other work as an economist, nor to cast any reflections on those who respect him as a man who loved, and made others love, serious scientific research, as a man who loved, and made others love, integrity and virtue. His friends and disciples, who remain grateful to him and devoted to his memory, attest the educative force which radiated from his conversation and his example.

Benedetto Croce, one of the outstanding philosophers of contemporary times, is the proponent of the doctrine identifying concrete philosophy with history. His theories have excited widespread interest, and a lively controversy has raged over them.

The City Wilderness

GREENWICH VILLAGE — 1920-1930. *A Comment on American Civilization in the Post-War Years. By Caroline F. Ware. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1935. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

AS used to be said of Brooklyn, "Greenwich Village," as most casual folks understood the expression, is, or rather was, not a place but a state of mind. In this book there is a chapter, entitled "Villagers: Art and Sex as Avenues of Escape," which depicts that state of mind with admirable candor, showing how to that particular region in the lower west side of New York City there gravitated for some reason impossible to explain adequately, the heterogeneous crowd of a few real but mostly second - rate, third - rate, no - rate and pseudo, artists, writers, and the neurotic hangers-on of art and writing—pretty much the whole tatterdemalia that loves to think of itself as Bohemia, aping the Quartier Latin of Paris. It never was very real or at all important on any merits of any kind; but as this chapter shows, even five years ago it was losing such character as it had, sogging down into a fairly average representative of crowded cosmopolitan life in a big American city. It is rather a pity that the very title of the book emphasizes this phase, drawing undue attention to one minor aspect, and so blanketing for many readers the much more significant and enlightening material which makes up its bulk.

For it is a scholarly and comprehensive study of a decidedly typical American city neighborhood, a cross-section of American city life, gaining importance from the fact that the period which it covers came after the shut-down of unrestricted immigration — too soon, of course, to give us any clear idea of the way in which those immigrants already here will be assimilated. But you do see quite vividly the way in which what the author calls "the inherited pattern of American life" has failed to mould the lives of the newcomers partly because it has been abandoned and repudiated by so many of the native-born to whom it was traditional; but chiefly perhaps because those who still treasure it, or think they do, have made no effort to embody or interpret it to the newcomers. If the foreign-born population has not understood "America" as the older-stock Americans understand it, and have flocked by themselves in dense neighborhoods such as this old Ninth Ward, it is because so little was done to enlighten them and keep them from unwholesome segregation.

Anyone who ever lived in a social settlement, or otherwise in one of these neighborhoods, will find this book familiar. It will be no surprise to him to find this story one of "people—just people," living their lives as best they can in a very difficult time, under conditions leading, as the author says, toward social disorganization and cultural confusion. The perennial pollution by corrupt political influence has been worse during the post-war years, the new factor of organized racketeering, the overtaking of commercialized prostitution by "amateur" competition in the widespread breakdown of personal moral standards, the increasing encroachment of unemployment—all these things and many other demoralizing tendencies of this period, are certainly no better now than they were in the decade with which this study deals. Poignantly

CAROLINE WARE'S JACKET DRAWING FOR "GREENWICH VILLAGE"
From a painting by Edward Laning.

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appealing to "America" is the cry which the author puts into the mouth of youth:

> We have no one that we can look up to. What help are our parents when it is we who are in a position to tell them what to do, not they us? How can we rely on the schools when we don't believe that they understand the real problems which we have to face? The priests can instruct us in our religious duties, but where does that get us? It's pretty hard to have respect for the judges when you see the way that some of them come out of the speakeasies. . . . Have we got to play ball with the political machine and the rackets if we don't want to get left? And do you think we'll ever really get by as Americans, or are we bound to stay "wops" and "kikes" for the rest of our lives?

This study was undertaken in 1931 under the auspices and financing of the Council for Research in the Social Sciences of Columbia University upon the basis of a preliminary exploration two years earlier, funded by the Rockefeller Foundation, of the potentialities of the Greenwich House settlement for social research. Professor Caroline F. Ware of Vassar College has directed it, but while her name is given to the authorship she gives full credit to a numerous group of collaborators. It is impossible within available space even to summarize the results of painstaking exploration into the whole fabric of life in that area: into the various ethnic groups and their cultural peculiarities and institutions, politics, religion, education, recreation, social welfare, family life and relationships. It is not all sombre; there are sparks of delightful humor; but as a whole it presents vividly and depressingly the appalling nature of the problem involved in what Robert A. Woods used to call the City Wilderness. It is amply documented with charts, statistical material, and appendices. It offers invaluable sociological material for student and teacher, and for the general reader it is well and interestingly written.

John Palmer Gavit, who is now an associate editor of The Survey, *interrupted a journalistic career for a number of years to enter upon social work.*

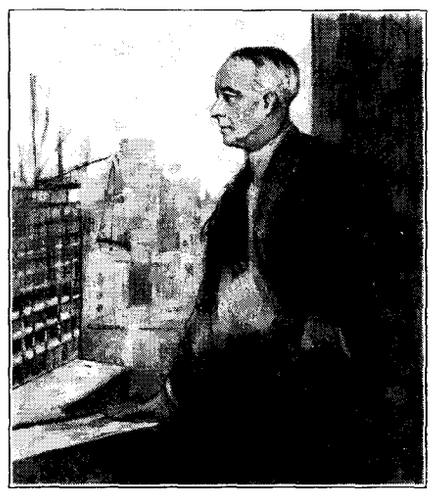
Al Smith's Advice to Citizens

THE CITIZEN AND HIS GOVERNMENT. By Alfred E. Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. GATEWOOD

WHEN a man speaks out on the subject of a profession which he has made his life's work, even those who run from specialized knowledge may profitably read. No one person has done more to stimulate a professional approach to electoral politics than the former Governor of New York, and he has applied himself briefly to summarize some fruits of his experience for the benefit of those whose attention to the issues affecting the community has been less immediate than his own. To those familiar with his career and achievements, this book will bring no novel or searching ideas; but it is an excellent introduction to the relations between State government and the individual citizen and also provides many practical suggestions for current problems.

The first part of the book outlines the steps in the political rise of any John Doe who starts out from an urban environment. This is what the author knows by heart, and his description of the local club, the State Legislature, the Governor's office, and the campaign for President is enlightened by many an apt illustration. From this discussion, there emerges the conclusion that the complex task of making and administering laws for even a small area should require the full powers of its representatives; it is the public's duty to see that those powers are continuously and conscientiously applied, and not to be misled by the propaganda of vote-getting. The process of choice between candidates appears as a very much more personal and definite responsibility, probably because the legal terms which so often obscure a text-book treatment of the electoral laws are here



ALFRED E. SMITH
Drawing by S. J. Woolf, from "Drawn from Life"

absent. The second half deals with questions of social welfare, law and order, public expenditures, and governmental organization; it is full of specific proposals on these topics, and gives a broadly accurate picture of their scope. Here are some reminiscences of the struggle over the Eighteenth Amendment, which marks the reappearance, in recent times, of the century-old doctrine of states' rights. A brief summary of New York City's government forms the basis of a detailed review of the anomalous situations still existing in the management of the metropolis, which stands in obvious need of a new Charter to curb the wastefulness of borough "home-rule." The ex-Governor takes occasion also to reaffirm the reasons for his longstanding conviction that the mechanics of county control are outworn, in his State at least, and need a thorough-going consolidation to fit them to deal with modern exigencies. Once more as in the days of the Happy Warrior he appears as a crusader against the petty tyranny of officialdom and turns the searchlight on the abuses of the taxpayers' good nature.

One might wish that the author had addressed himself more directly to an examination of the system of patronage, which provides a humanizing touch to party politics while making them far more expensive than seems necessary, thus constituting the outstanding obstacle to a clear ethical approach to municipal rule. On this subject, he merely expresses the belief that the old order is giving place to a new conception of public service. What that conception will be, however, depends largely on the mass of voters, whose interest in public business has not yet grown in proportion to the activities of the body politic and the burdens of governmental cost; such a book as this would furnish them with first principles that are firmly grounded in realities.

Epilogue and Prologue

By FRANCES FROST

AND that fine frenzy being at length outgrown—
the plummet of the mind, that fell to probe
the fugitive truths of a strange and whirling globe,
now being quiet as the settled stone;
the heart that fought to capture and to keep
by word or by the gesture of a hand
a moment of joy in some imagined land,
here being sure of nothing but death and sleep;
the sweet delight of body being dull,
and the soul's banner but rags upon a pole—
now, perhaps, I am most true, most whole,
who from defeat behold the magnificent full
passion of breath with such astounding love
as in my agony I knew nothing of.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Citadels of Silence

THE Art Department of the Bowling Green has been saving two pictures for its clients. Both views represent Citadels of Silence. One is the fortress of Christophe, once king of Haiti. Mr. Harry Scherman showed it to us among other fine photographs taken during his recent vacation there. The other is the club-room of the S. P. C. S. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Speakers) at the University of Iowa, in Iowa City. Frank L. Mott, director of the School of Journalism at Iowa State, sent it to us. The Times Club of that university, remarking the fact that visiting mandarins were given insufficient chance to collect their wits before appearing in public, set aside a suite in the most comfortable style of the Flying Trapeze era as a paregoric [see dictionary] influence upon any travelling spellbinder. Professor Mott reports that it has recently been enjoyed by Thomas Benton, MacKinlay Kantor, Stephen Benét, Gilbert Seldes, and others.

Printer in the Sky

I persuaded Richard Ellis, the distinguished printer of the Georgian Press, to fly with me to Buffalo where we were both due to attend the dedication of the beautiful Lockwood Memorial Library. It was Dick's first flight; he was a little apprehensive beforehand but I have never seen a man enjoy himself so much. It was an upper-case experience, he remarked. A great part of the way we skimmed above a billowy white ceiling, argentine tundras of cloud like polar wastes of snow; Dick said that even while printing some of his most de luxe books he had never so appreciated the beauty of White Space. He was specially pleased when he discovered the little ventilator gadgets. Turning one to admit a hissing jet of breeze he inhaled deeply and said "Real mountain air!"—And it was, for we were about 10,000 feet up.

Few have ever been rash enough to attempt any aesthetic description of the sensations of flying. They are not susceptible of easy testimony. My own first experience was in Hawaii; the glimpse of those islands and mountains as seen from the air was so exquisite I have never even attempted to spoil the vision with words. Also I remember the anxious eddies and vacua above some ravines and craters, where the plane dropped so sharply that I bruised my pate on the cabin roof; and a Japanese Lady, the only other passenger on that trip, who was so ill that she lay in a stupor on the floor.

Mr. Ellis's novitiate was less dramatic perhaps but almost equally thrilling. From above we could see sylvestered New Jersey sprinkled with dogwood blossoms. The Delaware Water Gap, in late green and misty light, was a rugged crumple in the landscape. Then we hummed smoothly across snowy savannahs of cirrus, tumulated in soft curves and floes. (De Quincey's famous description of old Parson Coleridge's emerging shirt-tails, to which I have so often referred you in the *Reminiscences of the Lake Poets*, would be as near an account as any of that bulging wilderness of fleece.) On the far horizon

CITADEL OF CHRISTOPHE, HAITI
Photo by B. K. Scherman

sharper upwards of cloud caught the level sunshot like Alpine peaks. Sudden rifts and spreads of emptiness were blue as lakes of ice water.

Nearing Buffalo we dove down through the cloudbank and emerged into a sunset world. The green chequer of civilized earth is infinitely more orderly in pattern than the terrestrial mind supposes. Really now, with all his errors, man is a surprisingly neat animal from a distance—which is the best way of studying him. The vast general increase in sillyness, hysteria, uglification, which is so grimly apparent to anyone sitting close to a newspaper, recedes into long perspective. The Genesee River (if that was what it was) wriggles like a silver corrugation of intestines, but the little plots of man's estate are as regular as parcheesi. The sun, just falling into the slot of Lake Erie, stained the whole green billiard-cloth world with asymptotes of pink. The ends and corners of red barns glowed (thought the printer) like the initials on old vellum scripts. Admirable rubrication! Magnificent fore-edge painting! We were permeated, perlustrated, with gilded support. It shimmered on the great silver wings and fins of the big Douglas NC 14276. She was like a minnow in a golden stream. The air was so thick with sunset she seemed loth to come down. I wish they'd give those big passenger ships individual christening, because (it was Dick Ellis's suggestion, not mine) *Where the Blue Begins* would really be a grand name for a plane.

Agnes Nohava, stewardess of NC 14276, did much to make the printer's maiden flight a success. She explained everything to him, served the delicious "Complimentary meal aloft" (as the American Airlines timetable calls it) on a featherweight tray,

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO SPEAKERS
The Paregoric Room (Iowa State University)

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and so won the hearts of her clients that they presented to her the actual first copy of Felix Riesenberg's new novel—appropriately called *The Left-Handed Passenger*—which they happened to have with them. Dick's ambition now is to do some actual printing in the air with a small hand-press. Why not, American Air Lines?

It had been my hope that four gentlemen, all bound for the opening of the Lockwood Library, might have travelled together by plane; they were respectively a publisher, a printer, a bookseller and a writer. For, had there been a crash, it would have been so perfect an opportunity for the obituaries to isolate a pure culture of the *bacterium bibliophile*. And (it occurred to me while Dick Ellis was talking to the stewardess) to "isolate a culture" is exactly the function of a great library such as Mr. Thomas B. Lockwood has given to the University of Buffalo. Not isolate in the crude sense of set apart, but to differentiate or make available. A biological culture (I read in the dictionary) is "a cultivation of micro-organisms in a prepared nutrient medium." And a prepared nutrient medium, of the most rich and comforting sort, is what Mr. Lockwood has built and which his librarian, Mr. Charles D. Abbott, is well fitted to cherish. The micro-organism of book-lore is a more active germ than some sentimentalists suppose. Although it is one of the oldest and proudest subdivisions of the disease of thinking it is the least snobbish: it accepts all genuine devotees on equal terms. And it is not concerned only with desiderated states, primary editions, or inlaid bindings. It must be shrewd to discern the tincture of genius even in the most unlikely format. I have small respect for the bibliophile who only raves about established excellences—such as Voltaire, let us say—and cannot recognize on the hodiernal woodpulp paper, the same spirit in Don Marquis or Westbrook Pegler. I was glad to observe that Mr. Lockwood, though a Collector of the past with an upper case C, is also a spotter of merit in the humble shocker and the police romance.

R. L. S. and El Sauzal

SIR:—You ask how the error occurred made by the "Seaman's Handbook for Shore Leave" in regard to Treasure Island's birthplace. Some time after the death of R. L. S. in 1894 Mrs. Stevenson came to live at "Sauzal de Comancho" on the coast above Ensenada. She was there in 1905 and 1906—I do not know just when she first settled there. No doubt the people who compiled the seaman's book were persuaded that El Sauzal had been Stevenson's home. It had an interesting if gruesome history. There it was that the Governor (in the sixties) gave a great feast, and when all the inhabitants from far and near were gathered, he picked out those who as bandits and horse thieves had been terrorizing the country, and had them hung without further ceremony. The whole northern part of the territory has been safe and quiet ever since—although naturally the governor himself was ambushed and killed not long after his rough justice. It was the capital of Lower California at that time—it is now the property of ex-President Rodriguez—once governor of Lower California.

A DEVOTEE OF R. L. S.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Leaves of Grass

I sometimes smile at myself—to forestall the grins of neighbors—when I go out to trim a bumpy piece of lawn with a pair of scissors. For, the grass plot being very imperfect, and sometimes made rank by hidden springs underground (like the grass plot of life itself), the dull old lawn-mower does a very spotty job. Many leaves of grass—either too coarse or too flexible—are missed by the machine. So one takes the old office shears—the same that have compiled several volumes of essays—and has a delicious time hunting out and snipping down the grasses that still stand. Exactly such, on the lawns of literature, is the delight of the librarian and the scholar. In those realms of endless light, in the green savor of perpetual spring, he seeks the disregarded tuft that a mechanical mower did not catch. Occasionally he just sits on the grass and enjoys himself.

Sea Food Upstate

SIR:—A paragraph in today's Bowling Green brought back vivid memories of my childhood. You say that you saw the sign "Shore Dinners" beside a little fresh-water lake in upstate New York, and you ask whether it is fair to speak of Shore Dinners when "it isn't sea food." If the lake was Canandaigua and the sign outside Flannigan's, the chances are that it *was* sea food. Even when I lived in Canandaigua back in the 80's, I used to see the huge cars at the railroad station that came in each day marked, "Flannigan's—Perishable—Rush," and one of my earliest memories is of being fed raw oysters.

I was never allowed to descend the sawdust-covered steps to the basement dining-room where the real Shore Dinners were served, but occasionally a gourmet friend—Aunty Em—used to buy soft shell crabs from there. I was then allowed to assist at a solemn ceremony. She took each one out of the damp sea weed in which it was packed and put it on the floor; then, keeping well away from the claws, let me prod it to see if it had enough vitality to go across the kitchen. Only those that could pass this ordeal, did Aunty Em pronounce fit to eat.

Flannigan's was famous all over western New York, and though the original proprietor is long since dead, the place for all I know still exists to give delight to fresh water dwellers.

F. L.

Boston, Mass.

What the Soviets Do with Criminals

SOVIET RUSSIA FIGHTS CRIME. By Lenka von Koerber. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ROLAND MULHAUSER

WE have had our ten thousand public enemies, our twenty thousand year men, and our numerous prison doctors, nurses, and Little Bo-Peeps. We now have an equally startling, if less sensational, account of Russia's prison methods as investigated by the German penologist, Lenka von Koerber, who spent six months during 1932 making an unrestricted survey and whose findings are authoritative and specific, scrupulously free from generalizations. Amazing and contradictory notices concerning Russia's penal system have appeared from time to time in our papers: we have been told that men and women prisoners are thrown together, that they are given vacations, and that they are paid union wages. This book verifies—and qualifies—these assertions. It adds information about the equally important educational, vocational, and medical work being done—a system that willingly selects prison officials from among ex-convicts and sees nothing unusual in wall-less prisons, inmate-conducted. It presents what appears to be the most unusual development in modern penology.

That the law-breaker, more than anyone else, must be trained as a socially-minded and socially-useful citizen, all agree. In Russia he is encouraged to develop his talents, is given responsibilities and taught, meanwhile, to work for the common good. No prison stigma shadows the ex-convict; there is a demand, even, for his labor upon release. Punishment (if one might call it that) accords with his education, his power of discernment, and the responsibility of his position. His sentence never lasts longer than ten years and, regardless of length, a record for good work and active participation in communal activities reduces it appreciably. Some American penologists have had similar ideas, but few have developed them as far, and none have been able to carry them out so fully. Were Lenka von Koerber to investigate American prisons with the same freedom as she did the Russian, she would find, except in annual reports, no such plans and practices, no such democracy and enthusiasm.

Roland Mulhauser has been associated with Austin MacCormick, Police Commissioner of New York City, in his work on Welfare Island.

ERRATUM

By a typographical error, the name of the reviewer of a group of garden books, in our issue of April 27, was printed "Marion Purvis Smith." It should have read "Marion Parris Smith."

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By E. F. BENSON

Author of AS WE WERE

QUEEN Victoria

The Story of the WOMAN and The QUEEN

"Quite the best life of Queen Victoria that has yet appeared. Vivacity of incident, reasoned judgment and balanced proportion . . . mellowed into the full, rich flavor of Bensonian Burgundy . . . human and majestic."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Rich in entertainment and full of information . . . charm and vivacity . . . quiet humor."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

"Extraordinarily satisfying biography . . . in every sense admirable."—*Herschel Brickell.*

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WHAT MANNER OF LOVE

By Rita Weiman

"I wouldn't be surprised if it is the most trenchant novel dealing with the theatre since George Moore's 'A Mummer's Wife.'"—*Robert Garland.* $2.50

WOMAN'S MYSTERIES

Ancient and Modern

By M. Esther Harding

Shows "a direct and intimate connection between the emotions of the modern and the beliefs of the primitive . . . a feminine 'Golden Bough.'"—*N. Y. Times.* Illustrated. $3.50

The New Novel

BY URSULA PARROTT

Next Time We Live

The poignant story of two young people, tremendously in love, who braved poverty to marry, only to be forced by circumstances beyond their control to lead separate lives. "As a story teller, as a verbal painter of the contempoary scene, Mrs. Parrott excels."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

WHO RIDES ON A TIGER

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

"Mrs. Lowndes' best story since her thrice celebrated 'The Lodger.' It's a heady mixture of love, gooseflesh and the upper classes in just the right proportion."—*Will Cuppy.* $2.00

LUST FOR LIFE

By Irving Stone

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Mr. Newman Tries to Debunk Liszt

THE MAN LISZT. By Ernest Newman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

> This can be confidently counted upon to displease three classes of readers—those who object on principle to all musical biography, those who object to frank biography, and those who object to the destruction of a biographical legend. . .

THIS statement appears on the first page of Mr. Newman's recently published biography of Franz Liszt. The author will be disappointed for on reading the book one becomes aware of the paradoxical nature of his statement and we may reassure the author that none of the three classes of readers will be displeased.

The first class will not object as the book is not a musical biography; Liszt the musician is in the background and there are only a few pages on music. The second class will not object as it is not a frank biography; in fact, it is not a biography at all, it is a psychoanalytic mixture of *chronique scandaleuse* in which "foul whisperings are abroad." The third group will not object because no biographical legend is being destroyed, on the contrary, a new one is created in which the smallest "virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes." All three classes of readers, however, should object to the book on account of its content.

The author attempts to destroy what he calls the Liszt legend. This legend is about one of the greatest figures of musical Romanticism. Liszt was a man of genius, possessed of an ardent soul that could soar to transcendental heights and then descend to the ordinary vices; a man torn between such irreconcilable extremes as the solitude of a monk's cell and the thunderous applause of a glittering concert hall; a man whose magnetism made countesses and princesses desert their husbands. Yet this same man, a great composer and a great musician, fought, almost single handed, the battle of modern music. From Berlioz to Wagner every musician was deeply indebted to him. His generosity to his fellow musicians was unstinted, and his brave and chivalric stand for the cause of the musical movements in the middle of the nineteenth century is unexampled in the history of music.

Debunking is an odious word but it is inadequate to describe the method employed by the author to destroy the "legend." Liszt did not differ from any other man, he had many shortcomings and vices. The thesis of the book is to show that musical historians make a sort of Bayard or Roland out of Liszt and place an aureole about him that is undeserved. Liszt's weaknesses, his love of pomp and aristocratic environment, his many love affairs are all well known, and here the author is pounding on open doors. Perhaps the man Liszt has a few things to his credit?

Whenever the author surrenders the role of psychoanalyst and becomes the "musicologist" we are in a different domain. Here there are only a few pages on music proper. Some of them are admirable, especially the last ones, which are, however, quotations from the works of eminent musicologists such as Raabe (who wrote an excellent book on Liszt) and Schering. Other pages are replete with inaccuracies and questionable statements. Only a cursory examination of the French and German documents and letters will show that the translations are frequently incorrect. The author's eagerness to cast a shadow on every day of Liszt's life shows an unfair seeking of the unnatural and morbid. Was it the author's intention to create a new Julien Sorel? If so he missed the aim entirely because he is too anxious to make a consummate rascal of a man who was a mortal, endowed with more imagination than most of his fellow men, and consequently lived a fuller and completer life.

Mr. Newman in some of his previous books has shown us the despicable traits in Beethoven and Wagner and he has now added to this remarkable series the most extraordinarily biased piece of biographical writing. What will come next? We are afraid that even the gentle, honorable, and saint-like Palestrina would be found lacking in what the author considers the prime component of character: virtue. Fortunately a compatriot has found a better formula for it and we may still harbor some admiration for the wretched composer of the *Dante* and *Faust* symphonies if we accept Chesterton's dictum that

> Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers; virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain or a particular smell.

Paul H. Lang, Licensié ès Lettres (Paris, 1928), is lecturer in the music department of Columbia University.

A Historian's Essays

A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF HISTORY. By Henry Osborn Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $1.50.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

NOW in his seventy-ninth year, Dr. Taylor may well be considered as the dean of American historians, from his achievements no less than his age. This volume is clearly one of gleanings, seven of the essays having already appeared in print from 1913 onward. Only one, that on Old Age, is new. Three recall the spiritual struggle and ferment of the war period, and the others, notably the presidential address before the American Historical Association in 1927, are already well known to historical students. There is no need therefore for fresh comment.

In the essay on Old Age the author has given to the public the views and wisdom which he has garnered during a long and singularly fruitful and fortunate life. We will not here recapitulate even the chief points of these twenty-five pages but it is fitting, and in these days of scholarly stress inspiring, that a word or two should be spoken of the life itself. Although happily the latter part of the long span has brought ease and comfort, he early devoted himself to poverty and scholarship, giving up both the law and teaching so that nothing should interfere with his pledge to devote "my mind and energies to the best things I could find." The evidence of both his devotion and the broad sweep of his mind is to be found in his "Ancient Ideals," "The Mediæval Mind," "Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century," and a half dozen others. Living through bad times and good in the midst of what is considered the most material of modern civilizations he has never swerved from the high aim originally set.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GREAT HOTEL MURDER *Vincent Starrett* (Crime Club: $2.)	Banker in Chi. incog. found poisoned in hotel room. Riley Blackwood, dramatic - critic - detective, runs down killer.	Too many threads in plot confuse the unravelling. Good talk and exciting finish about balance scales.	50-50
DEATH IS A TORY *Keats Patrick* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Govt. employee and friend's wife killed in Washington garden. Wronged hubby confesses but clever gal reporter says 'taint so.	Melange of murder, political chit-chat, and miscellaneous what-not. Writing often kittenish and surprise wind - up unbelievable.	Time-passer
THANKS TO MURDER *Joseph Krumgold* (Vanguard: $2.)	N. Y. apartment scene of wild party and mad killing "solved" by thoughtful Mr. Vestry.	A detective story for intelligent readers—*i. e.*, readers who have intelligence enough to fathom what the durn thing's about.	By me!
THE GREEN SHADOW *James Edward Grant* (Hartney Press: $2.)	Killings among rather unpleasant society people solved, *con brio* and rowdy langwidge, by Tip O'Neill.	Toughness in mystery stories goes just so far—but any foider, den it's moider.	Out Hams Hammett

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Was your boyhood like this?...

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Did you ever play hookey to go cat-fishing in June?

Did you fall in love with the daughter of the town's most important citizen—a goddess in pink ribbons who was so far above you that you never dared let her know?

Did you write her passionate letters and poems filled with the world's beauty and bitterness—letters never mailed?

Did you ever bury "aggies" in a can of lard to take the moons out?

Did you fiercely debate such matters as God, where babies come from, and the injustice of school authority with your bosom companion?

If you did, then you'll find yourself as a boy re-created in the pages of this novel. If you didn't, it will give you some of the golden hours, some of the fun and some of the heartaches of an average American small-town country boy.

ALL GIANTS WEAR YELLOW BREECHES is as American as "Huckleberry Finn." Yet ALL GIANTS WEAR YELLOW BREECHES is not derivative; it does not try to be like any other book you have ever read. There are places in it as profound, in their analysis of the emotional life of a boy, as anything that has ever been written about childhood. Yet this novel was written primarily for enjoyment. It is, simply and sincerely, the chronicle of a normal, healthy and average boyhood. We think *YOU* will enjoy it, too. 376 pages, $2.50, wherever books are sold, or from the publisher.

THE FIRST 2 REVIEWS:

EAST: "He has done this unusual thing with more than usual skill. When you finish the book you know and understand John Moore. And when you remember this lad, who began life thirty-odd years ago in a small Missouri town, you will remember your own youth. The incidents may differ but the pattern is the same. . . . But, in the final analysis, it is not for his handling of the overworked sex problem that one praises Mr. Patterson so gratefully. He has undoubtedly, as Jack would say, 'seen life', but out of the seemingly heterogeneous mess he has wrought something steady and sure. His chronicle of boyhood is so true and so important that we look forward to a continuation of it equally penetrating."—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE "BOOKS."

WEST: "I should like to recommend to you this new book by Vernon Patterson . . . because he calls it 'a chronicle of boyhood', and it is just that and no more; a chronicle sympathetically written but without the taint of extremism. His John Moore, whom he follows all the way to the age of 16, is neither pampered nor brutalized. His boyhood, in fact, was very much like your own. Indeed, when you read it—as I hope you will—you are likely to find it so close to your own experience in a thousand ways that you will be in danger of supplying, yourself, the sentimentality that the author has so scrupulously avoided. . . . . This interpretation of an American boyhood is one of the best things of its kind I have seen."—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

VERNON PATTERSON'S
chronicle of boyhood

ALL GIANTS WEAR YELLOW BREECHES

WILLIAM R. SCOTT, PUBLISHER, 248 W. 11th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

AVOWALS AND DENIALS. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead. 1935. $2.50.

Mr. Chesterton is always entertaining if you have not read too much of him. If you have, it seems that the continual uttering of indubitable truths to a world inveterately in error has become a habit that is almost a mannerism. But you may note with agreeable results the varied and sometimes surreptitious way in which his particular propaganda emerges. In this volume is an essay on Mr. Eric Gill's essays on modern art, a book entitled "Beauty Looks After Itself." One expects to be shown how irrational and absurd is a theory of art so obviously unreligious, unmoral, uncatholic, and unmedieval as Mr. Gill's. But not at all. Mr. Chesterton has expected you would expect that, and his forte is to be unexpected. He proclaims himself disinterested and judicial, and remarks that Mr. Gill is perfectly right in believing his revolution the only right revolution. All sensible revolutionists believe that. The point that interests his calm, unprejudiced mind is the complete collapse of the Renaissance, owing almost entirely to those restless demons, the artists. For modern "rationalism is founded on the idea that the sixteenth century broke out of the dungeon of the Dark Ages and saw the light. I am not arguing about whether this is true or not. I am only pointing out that the Artists now declare it to be false." The art of that era has been more triumphantly accepted than either its philosophy, politics, or science. Hence it can hardly be maintained that philosophy first became rational, politics free, and science possible, in the era when, as artists now declare, art first became vulgar, varnished, photographic, and cheaply realistic. Hence the whole sixteenth century collapses.

The logic is at least courageous. Many people have disliked the sixteenth century. Many have spoken disrespectfully of the equator. One understands that Mr. Chesterton dislikes the sixteenth century, source of so much modern obliquity, and welcomes the assistance of the artists in destroying it. The artists may be surprised to find themselves in his polemical baggage; but surprising people, as well as being alone in reasonableness, is a habit of Mr. Chesterton's, almost a mannerism.

A. W. C.

Fiction

JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER. By A. R. Craig. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.50.

Don't be taken in, if you are susceptible, by the flamboyant opening pages of "Jezebel's Daughter." These are just the hors-d'œuvres. The gaudy immorality of Cornelia Curtois in the jungles of Ecuador is hurriedly replaced by the haloed virtue of daughter Sarah whose beneficent presence upon the English countryside and in the wilds of Russia absorbs the main part of the book. Readers may be relieved or disgusted, according to their tastes, to find that the author, after her initial fling, turns to champion feminine constancy and propagandize against life in Soviet Russia.

Written in a speedy, slightly facetious manner and crammed with guide-book hints and flimsy theories, this novel gives one the unpleasant feeling that it was deliberately manufactured to cater to popular inhibitions. The flagrant misquotation from A. E. Housman's "Last Poems," which, in addition to the title, adorns the title-page, is quite indicative of the pretentiousness of the entire book.

D. P.

A SILVER RATTLE. By Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.

This novel employs that modern technique which is sometimes called "kaleidoscopic," but which (since that term implies so much motion) should rather perhaps be compared to "photomontage," that device in which a number of pictures are juxtaposed, to form together a pattern which they singly do not possess, or to enhance one another by contrast. The central figure, to whom the book returns, is Francesca Howard, a petted young wife who has just had a baby; but various chapters deal with people whom she knows and has thought of vaguely as she lies in bed, or whom she has only heard of through her nurse. The nurse's other patients are naturally also likely to be maternity cases, and the only design easily perceptible in the photomontage is the light and dark contrast between Francesca's luxury and those other lives in which babies are not as a matter of course born to eighteenth-century silver rattles. And the design is not really strong enough to hold the separate pictures together. The different scenes are written always deftly and often with real insight, but they are so slight that one understands the difficulty the author felt in making a novel of them—a difficulty she cannot be said to have wholly overcome, for the final impression the book leaves is that it is tenuous without being subtle.

B. D.

THE LOOM OF JUSTICE. Translated from the German of Ernst Lothar by Willa and Edwin Muir. Putnam. 1935. $2.50.

The Haushofers, after twenty-five years of happy married life, were confronted with the fact that Frau Haushofer was incurably ill with cancer. The wife prevailed on her husband, a rather stern and very legalistic provincial judge, to promise to help her out of life when her sufferings were no longer bearable, and he agreed on condition that they die together. When the crisis came, he gave his wife the veronal, but lapsed into unconsciousness himself before he had swallowed enough to make the dose fatal.

He awoke to find himself accused of murder, and the second half of Lothar's story follows the husband's prosecution on evidence which seems unanswerable yet falsifies or disregards the actual psychology of the case. In other words, the prosecutor of yesterday becomes the victim of processes which he himself, if fate had not intervened, would have upheld inflexibly. The novel is, therefore, partly a plea for the individual's right to dispose of his own life, partly a setting forth of the utterly different faces "truth" may present, depending on whether the so-called facts are regarded from the standpoint of routine criminal procedure or with imagination and human understanding.

The dilemma is not exactly novel, and the opportunities for heart-wrenching pathos are inherent in the design and are foreseen as soon as the latter becomes apparent. For those intrigued by a problem of this sort and not put off by the author's very evident intention to squeeze out the last tear drop, it may be said that Lothar writes with feeling and a sensitive and penetrating understanding of all concerned.

THE MAP OF DAYS. By Ethel Boileau. Dutton. 1935. $2.50.

Miss Boileau's book expresses the warlike spirit of the Scottish Highlander as it has been tempered and tried by modern circumstance. We see Jock Chisolm, red-haired descendant of the chieftains of Strathalan, bearing this indomitable spirit through the bloody waste of the Boer War and the temptations of the Indian service to be transformed by suffering on the battlefields of the World War. Impressive

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in outline, the change of the disillusioned General into a minister and reformer is brought about, however, in rather disjointed and illogical sequences. It is more like the work of an admiring but slightly confused biographer than of a penetrating novelist.

The story is strung out with patently sentimental episodes. Jock's love for the fiery Hungarian actress, whom he forces to marry him and who is immediately separated from him by the outbreak of the war, is not only extravagant but fails to cast much light upon his final development. The last chapters, which have to do with his religious awakening, amount to little more than essays on modern conditions and dull ones at that. If, instead of taking pot-shots at Bolshevism, the author had really plumbed the depths of the Gaelic temperament, the book might have attained special significance. As it stands, it reflects some of the beauty but much of the futility of the Scottish War Memorial —in itself a fantastic chronicle of regret.

D. P.

International

A NATION TERRORIZED. By Gerhart Seger. Reilly & Lee. 1935. $1.50.

Tourists to Germany, who have seen how neat and clean and orderly everything looks, should read "A Nation Terrorized." People living in the United States who have been led to believe that somehow or other Hitler and his henchmen have been doing great things for Germany should read it. Those who believe that irresponsible power may work for the good of a nation should read it.

Gerhart Seger was a member of the German Social Democratic Party, and sat in the Reichstag in the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth Parliaments. Because he was a political opponent to Hitler, not because he had done anything criminal or even improper, he was imprisoned in the concentration camp at Oranienburg. Unlike most men who return from such a camp, he was able to tell of his experiences, because he escaped from Germany. Those who are forced to remain in their fatherland breathe no word of their experiences in concentration camps: they dare not.

Why they dare not, Herr Seger makes sufficiently clear. He tells, under oath that he is speaking only the truth, of the treatment which political prisoners received at the hands of National Socialist officers and guards. One may read detailed accounts of the activities of the Spanish Inquisition, and feed one's imagination on the horrors of De Sade, and remember what conscientious objectors went through during the war; and still one may find in this account of the doings of the National Socialists undreamed-of bestiality.

Possibly Mark Twain could satisfactorily have commented on what Herr Seger tells; perhaps even he could not have done it. In reading of the National Socialists as Herr Seger depicts them, one can only remember a phrase of Swift's, and regard them—for in the history of mankind they are little—as "the most contemptible race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

S. A. N.

THE NEW AMERICA. By Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland. Macmillan. 1935. $3.

When a foreign author describes a country, he is apt to do so in terms of his own, which completely vitiates the perspective of his survey, or to cite non-essentials in order to show how much he knows about his subject. This book is free from both such defects and affords a clear, though summary, presentation of the changing American scene. The materials which have occupied the public press and caused so many polemics in the last two years are here condensed into a reasonable number of pages, with the indispensable statistics at the end: the resulting picture is one that would be endorsed by nine out of ten readers.

Some of the most interesting parts of the work bring out the distinctions betwen the British and American approach to the same type of problem, especially with regard to the banks, the unemployed, and the trade-union movement. The influence of the NRA partnership on recovery is conservatively estimated and the dollar policy comes in for rather more sympathetic treatment than one might expect of an M.P. The agrarian legislation, the author believes, is well justified from an international point of view, but he fears the danger of inflation still inherent in the present financial organization. He opposes price-fixing as a means of adjusting the standard of living to a preconceived level, and, of course, advocates a more definite attitude for the United States in world affairs; but he clearly understands the forces which are keeping the nation busy at home.

R. G.

Sociology

SOCIAL JUDGMENT. By Graham Wallas. Harcourt, Brace. 1935. $1.50.

This posthumous work by the late Graham Wallas is incomplete. If he had lived, his daughter tells us in a preface, the chapters published in this volume would have formed the first part of the projected book, and would have been followed by a second part of about the same length. Mr. Wallas himself writes: "In the first part of my book I shall be mainly concerned with the nature, history, and possible improvement of the judgment-process. . . In the second part I shall discuss the institutions through which judgment influences social action." We may take what is published here, then, as the psychological and historical section of the intended complete work.

The problem which Wallas set himself was how "to bring intellectual integrity into harmony with emotional sympathy," or, more simply, how to achieve "a harmony between clear thought and warm feeling." His volume is chiefly occupied in showing historically how we failed to do this in our social thinking and how we are still failing. There is an interesting review of how the Greek thinkers and the Jews saw the problem, and how the English philosophical radicals failed to solve it, though John Stuart Mill was more aware than the others of its existence. Wallas himself is chiefly engaged here in posing the problem rather than in contributing to its solution. He effectively criticizes the "artificial frontiers" which we have erected between the provinces of knowledge—*e. g.*, between "pure" economics and practical politics—pointing out that the function of social judgment is the guidance of human action, and that action must ignore these frontiers, which have their chief justification in the conveniences of teaching a self-inclosed "subject." He criticizes also the "idol of the laboratory"—the questionable assumption that science as at present studied is coextensive with wisdom. Quoting a typical statement involving this assumption from Professor Hogben: "Our expectation of living has increased as we have learned to worry less about the good life and more about the good drain"; Wallace replies: "The 'expectation of life' among European men of military age during the years 1914-20 would undoubtedly have been increased instead of diminished, if the statesmen of Europe had 'worried' rather more than they did in the preceding ten years about that pattern of thinking and feeling the adoption of which might have brought them somewhat nearer to Nietzsche's ideal of a 'good European.'"

While Wallas's thought in this volume lacks a certain bite and sharpness of edge, it is marked by a catholic, tolerant, and dispassionate spirit in sharp contrast with that of most current social thinking.

H. H.

The Illusion of IMMORTALITY

By CORLISS LAMONT

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The Clearing House

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Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

THE DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY. By E. M. Delafield (*Harpers*).

CONQUISTADOR. By Archibald MacLeish (*Houghton Mifflin*).

THE CONSTANT NYMPH. By Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*).

Increasing a Vocabulary

C. H. O., of Birmingham, Mich., *says she has a minor problem on her hands with one of her sons whose instructors feel that his vocabulary is more limited than it should be. She wants to know whether there is a book, outside of a speller, that is designed for the purpose of increasing the number of words youths of different ages should know.*

I SUPPOSE it is very difficult at best to decide what constitutes a rich vocabulary and what a poor one, since precision in the use of words may be as effective as variety. But it has often seemed to me that to gauge a child's ability to use language is a peculiarly hard task since so many elements besides command of them enter into his use of words. Especially during the years of adolescence there is a certain shamefacedness, it would seem, on the part of the young in employing nice phraseology; they fear the teasing of their associates if their speech is pruned of the slang and commonplaceness that constitute the average young person's usage; any attempt at metaphor or simile is laughed at as affected or sentimental, and poetic expression is of course anathema. More than once the child whose vocabulary has been prosaic and meagre turns into a conversationalist of charm and distinction as he grows older and overcomes the inhibitions of youth.

When it comes to deliberately cultivating a vocabulary I think that possibly more effective with young children than resorting to a book is interesting them in some of the games which employ words. Anagrams, of course, is an old standby, and there's a game called Verbarium which my brothers and I used to play for years (and which the older members of the family liked quite as well as we did). It's extremely simple consisting merely of a long word (Constantinople is a good one to begin on) of which each letter is used in turn, the object being to write within a given number of minutes the greatest possible number of words beginning with each particular letter in succession. The person who at the end has the largest number of words is of course the winner. In a book just issued by the textbook publishers, A. S. Barnes & Company, entitled SOCIAL GAMES FOR RECREATION, the authors, Bernard S. Mason and E. D. Mitchell, have included a number of grammar and spelling games which are admirably adapted to increasing the vocabulary.

If, however, C. H. O. is not content—as certainly she will not be—merely to sugarcoat the pill of learning, there is an excellent book to which she can resort, one which is a classic of the schoolroom and has exercised influence over all sorts and conditions of children. This is WORDS AND THEIR WAYS IN ENGLISH SPEECH (Macmillan), by James B. Greenough and George Lyman Kittredge, which is "a popular discussion of derivations, foreign influences, metamorphosed words, slang, fashions in language, etc." It has the supreme virtue of containing frequent flashes of humor.

Games of Chance

From distant Hong Kong *comes an appeal for information regarding books dealing with the more vulgar games of chance such as Craps, Red Dog, Poker, Roulette, Chuck a Luck, etc.* F. H. T., *who asks it, already has the standard works like Foster's* COMPLETE HOYLE, *but wants further suggestions.*

There's that ever-present help in trouble, when it comes to games, to be consulted first, of course, Lasker's ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES (Dutton), the first volume of which (the only one so far published) contains cards. Here is to be found a great variety of games described and analyzed. Then there's George A. Bonaventure's TWO-PACK GAMES OF SOLITAIRE (Dodd, Mead), which briefly explains seventy-five varieties of Patience, accompanying its discussion with diagrams. Dean Bryden's FUN WITH CARDS (Burt), in addition to Patience, presents information on card tricks and fortune telling. Perhaps F. H. T will find more nearly what he is looking for in J. P. Quinn's GAMBLING AND GAMBLING DEVICES (Gilbert), F. R. Foster's DICE (Brentano's), WEBSTER'S POKER BOOK (Simon & Schuster), by H. T. Webster, a volume dedicated to "glorifying America's favorite game," T. F. Schoolked's LAW OF GAMING AND BETTING (Pitman), and Young's FORTUNA (Dutton), a work on roulette.

Archaeology for the Young

M. P. B., of Tacoma, Wash., *has an eight-year-old grandson who is interested in archæology and sure that he wishes to be a digger when he grows up. She wishes to know whether there is any book for children on excavations of ancient cities, etc.*

Remembering that Mr. Canby's youngest son had nursed a similar ambition at a tender age, and knowing that now in his college years he has come far enough along the way to be planning a summer in the field, I wrote to ask him the name of the book which in his childhood I had heard he feasted his interest upon. In response to my letter he writes:

> The book you refer to (entirely from memory) is WONDERS OF THE PAST, in four large volumes, edited by, I am pretty sure, one J. A. Hammerman, and published, I think, by Putnams. It is copiously illustrated, and it is the illustrations I used to pore over rather than reading the text. The texts, however, are short and fairly simple, as I remember. The whole thing is a sort of glorified archæological *National Geographic*.

Two other books which I think M. P. B.'s grandson is sure to enjoy are EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE NEW STONE, BRONZE, AND EARLY IRON AGES, and EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE OLD STONE AGE (Putnam), both by Marjorie and Charles H. B. Quennell. These, like the other books in their series by the same authors, are lavishly illustrated and full of fascinating material. They are meant for young people but capable of holding the attention of their elders glued to the page. The second of them has a list of authorities for further reading. Ann Axtell Morris's DIGGING IN YUCATAN (Doubleday, Doran) under a thin cloak of fiction presents a vivid picture of Mayan civilization and an exciting account of an archæological expedition. For classical archæology, Eva March Tappan's THE STORY OF THE GREEK PEOPLE and THE STORY OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE (both Houghton Mifflin) should prove fascinating even to a very young youngster. These give a good description of the life and art of Greece and Rome.

Vardis Fisher

J. H. C., of Washington, D. C., *wants all possible material for a critical study of Vardis Fisher.*

In the *Boston Transcript Book Section* for August 8, 1931, J. H. C. will find a discussion of the author and his work, and in AUTHORS TODAY AND YESTERDAY (Wilson) a two-page sketch containing principally biographical material but including a critical estimate. If J. H. C. refers to the READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE he will find listed there articles upon Fisher, and in the BOOK REVIEW DIGEST (Wilson) excerpts from reviews of his works.

Burns

"Your correspondent G. S. G. in a recent issue ought to be warned," writes De Lancey Ferguson, "that all detailed accounts of Burns's boyhood are, broadly speaking, fiction. The only authentic information we have is his own reminiscences and those of his family, his schoolmaster, and a few early friends.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 60)

SAM. BUTLER—

"THE WAY OF ALL FLESH"

I may very likely be condemning myself all the time that I am writing this book, for I know that, whether I like it or no, I am portraying myself more surely than I am portraying any of the characters whom I set before the reader.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS year the Viking Press celebrates its tenth anniversary. They've just issued a second instalment of their 1935 list, and on it is one book they believe will have the whole country laughing by the middle of summer. This is "The Circus of Dr. Lao," by *Charles G. Finney,* to be published the middle of July. The author is an Arizona newspaper man, but it was on a vacation to the Far East that he conceived his book. In it everything, according to the Viking Press, happens *except* the normal. . . . The other day I turned in my old portable and got a new machine—a honey!—which reminds me that the first thing *Hortense Lion,* author of "The Grass Grows Green" (Houghton Mifflin), did with her first royalty cheque was to buy a new noiseless portable typewriter. The night of the publication of her novel she was given a party at the Normandie Club where the toast went, "May the grass grow greenbacks!" . . . *Robin Lampson* of Berkeley, California, has written a novel in verse of pioneer life that Charles Scribner's Sons will publish in the fall. It is called "Laughter Out of the Ground." . . . Well, *Sir Thomas More* has just been made a Saint! In which connection I may point out that last year the Oxford University Press published a modern life of More, by *E. M. G. Rought,* and that recently they brought out a new edition—edited from thirteen manuscripts—of "The Lyfe of Sir Thomas More, Knyghte, written by *William Roper,* Esquire." . . .

Earle Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club, has written an introduction to *E. Nesbit's* "The Wonderful Garden," which Coward-McCann will reissue in the Fall. . . . A protest came in from the Laboratory of Ornithology at Cornell against my adverbial use of the word "due" for "owing," in respect to which I stand corrected. It was entirely due to—I mean owing to—inadvertence. . . . On a recent trip to London and Paris, *J. Jefferson Jones,* Vice-President of J. B. Lippincott, secured some interesting biographies, among which is a new "Life of Karl Marx," by *Boris Nikolaevsky,* Russian editor and journalist. . . . In June this same firm will publish a novel that has been a best-seller in England since its publication early this spring. It is "Cat Across the Path," by *Ruth Feiner,* a young German woman who has been living in London since the Nazis came into power. . . .

Macmillan has brought out, in the first volume of a catalogue of the drawings of *Leonardo Da Vinci* in the collection of His Majesty the King at Windsor Castle, a book that contains six hundred reproductions in collotype of drawings by Leonardo, many of which have never before been reproduced, together with 30,000 words of his unpublished writings. In the second volume *Kenneth Clark,* Director of the National Gallery in London, supplies a full description, bibliography, and notes on each drawing. . . . *Margaret Sullavan* will have the role of Cicely in the Universal Pictures version of *Ursula Parrott's* new novel, "Next Time We Live," recently published by Longmans. . . . *Rita Weiman* now working on a new novel, since "What Manner of Love," says she finds writing novels peaceful compared to writing plays. The latter occupation, says she, is like going on a spree—you know you're going to have a good time, even if you go home with a headache! . . .

Three months ago, when the news broke of the drive of a herd of three thousand reindeer over the icy wastes north of the Arctic Circle, from Elephant Point in Alaska to the East side of the Mackenzie Delta, *Burton Rascoe,* securing gracious consent from *John Macrae,* Sr., President of E. P. Dutton & Company, wired *Max Miller* to hop a plane from his home in La Jolla, California, to Seattle to see the *Loman Brothers,* and get the story. Miller did so, and also the story of *Peter Wood,* the Eskimo herder, who "wrote" one of the chapters of a book by Miller on "The Great Trek," that Doubleday will now publish. Miller has since gone to Point Barrow to gather material for a book on Alaska to be published by Dutton. . . . "The Virgin of Skalholt," which Little, Brown & Company will bring out in the fall, is the first novel to be published in America by the Scandinavian author, *Gudmundur Kamban,* well known abroad both for his plays and his novels. Kamban was for many years producer at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, and his name was mooted for the Nobel Prize last year. . . . *Henry Meade Williams,* who wins the June award for the best short story of the month, is a son of the late *Jesse Lynch Williams. Edward J. O'Brien* made the award and the story appears in the current *Pictorial Review.* Mr. Williams once walked all the way from New York to San Francisco, not as a stunt, but to see the country. . . . The All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, now on, closes April 30th, 1936. Apply for details to Eric S. Pinker & Adrienne Morrison, Inc., 9 East 46th Street, this city. They are the literary agents who are managing the contest in this country for the associated publishers.

Samuel Loveman and *Philip Horton* are preparing the authorized biography of *Hart Crane.* They issue a request for any letters or other unpublished material by Hart Crane, which should be addressed to Samuel Loveman, 17 Middagh Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .

A session of six weeks devoted to writing and the needs of the writer will be part of the summer program at Mills College, California, from June 24th to August 3rd. . . . *Michael Fessier,* author of "Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind," hails from a California mining-town, has had much newspaper experience, and is now in Los Angeles writing motion-picture scripts.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD
By
ELIZABETH HALBEISEN
The life and writings of one of the most popular and talented authoresses of the last century, whose work has a permanent value for American literature. Illus. $2.50
University of Pennsylvania Press: Philadelphia

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"A better horror story than DRACULA," says Vincent Starrett, "a psychological novel of murder to stand beside DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."
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by Edward Hale Bierstadt, $2. D.D.

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BED MANNERS
"Amusing guide to bedroom etiquette for married folks, at home and visiting."
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ASTHMA and SUMMER COLDS are unnecessary. Complete relief only $1.00 Postpaid. Nothing else to buy. Over 40,000 HOLFORD'S WONDER INHALERS sold last year alone. Mail $1.00 today for full season's relief to THE DANDEE CO., 252 HENNEPIN AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, or write for Free Booklet.

3 WEEKS'
notice of each change of address will assure you of not missing a single copy of The Saturday Review when you go away this summer. Subscription Department, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins.

From This Time Forth

THE dedication this week of the Lockwood Memorial Library, the gift of Thomas B. and Marion Birge Lockwood to the University of Buffalo, institutionalizes a noble and notable collection of rare books and manuscripts. Institutionalization is an appalling word and, too often, an appalling process—a freezing of cultural assets, a consignment of prime literary property to cold storage and perpetual inner darkness.

The matter will be ordered otherwise at Buffalo. The proof is adducible in a fine commemorative volume—"A Selection of Books and Manuscripts in the Lockwood Memorial Library of the University of Buffalo," printed by Richard W. Ellis—which contains a significant introduction by Charles D. Abbott, the librarian, for which he too modestly declines to give himself credit on the title page. The introduction is a worthy and impressive manifesto. The units in the Lockwood collection, Mr. Abbott asserts with enthusiasm and assurance, will not become so much lumber, so many museum pieces. They will be at the service of those qualified to be served thereby, and this principle, it is obvious, will by no means exclude the undergraduate. The library will thus become, in Mr. Abbott's words, "not a mausoleum in which are preserved precious and untouchable relics of man's achievements," but "an active workshop for the creation of the standards and the background requisite to the intellectual life for which the university stands responsible.

The Lockwood collection is unusual among superb institutional libraries for its lack of particularization. In it is encompassed no finest existing collection of X or Y. Rather is it a stately pageant of printed treasures from A to Z. Here, for example, in first edition, are forty-three units from the Grolier Club's list of one hundred books famous in English literature—that is, literature in English. Here are the four Shakespeare folios and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a Kelmscott Chaucer and a "Captains Courageous," a "Leaves of Grass" and a "Faerie Queene." Here is the soundest reason in the world for any West-bound bibliophile to insist on forcible detrainment at Buffalo.

Books in Quantity

Certain recent catalogues are noteworthy for the listing of books in bulk. Thus Norman Alexander Hall of Newton Centre, Massachusetts, in a catalogue titled "Books and Bundles," offers an abundance of single entries from Henry Adams to Humbert Wolfe and beyond, plus such lots as six cookbooks for $3.75, sixteen volumes of court memoirs for $10, seven accounts of Russia (mixed Czarist and post-Czarist) for $5.50, six volumes on the stage for $6, and five volumes of Hezekiah Butterworth's "Zigzag Journeys" for $3.50. And Mr. Hall is to be congratulated for describing one item frankly as "a disreputable copy."

From Walter M. Hill of 25 East Washington Street, Chicago, you may acquire, by the terms of Catalogue 150, eleven Hawthorne firsts (fifteen volumes), including a "Scarlet Letter," for $120; eight Holmes firsts, including a "Harbinger," for $50; nine Longfellow firsts, including a "Belfry of Bruges" and a "Hiawatha," for $60, and many comparable. The reason? "Neatly bound in half calf gilt, gilt tops," for a collector of an earlier day wherein the fine binding was *de rigueur*.

The catalogue of the Hartridge-Hewitt-Murray-Starr libraries, announced for sale by the American Art Association Anderson Galleries on May 15th and 16th, concludes with three lots which total not quite two thousand volumes: 325 books on mechanics, 758 miscellaneous, and 875 miscellaneous.

Burton Emmett: 1871-1935

Burton Emmett's high concern with art and letters was with the art and letters of his own day. He was of his time, and his time was of him; it was sufficient unto him that the books on his shelves and the prints on his walls were a reflection of the personalities that conditioned the epoch into which he was born and through which he worked, laughed, won, and held his friendships. A novel medium of expression gained his attention not because it was novel, but because it was contemporary with him. To be beautiful and to be true, that expression must accept something from what had gone before and be prepared to pass on something to what was yet to come—thus, through the relays of the ages, was humanity striving toward its goal of perfection. Immortality was to him a chain of overlapping mortalities; he was content to mark one link in the sequence, and to labor that the next might be truer and finer—as it will be.

Bruce Rogers once gave him a book with the inscription: "To Burton Emmett, friend of prints and prince of friends."

Limitation Goes Berserk

Willa Cather's "Lucy Gayheart" will not be published until August 1st, but her publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, has already devoted a page in the *Publishers' Weekly* to an announcement of his plans for the issuance of this her first novel since "Shadows on the Rock." Now a new novel by Miss Cather is an affair of moment, and Mr. Knopf has every right to assert its claims for preferment in the book-trade. But his enthusiasm carries him far out of bounds when he declares:

> In fairness to collectors the first printing will be limited to 25,000 copies. Since I anticipate an advance sale of at least 50,000 copies, the first printing will have to be prorated among booksellers according to the total of their individual advance orders.

This haphazard census of the book-collecting field establishes a new high not only for the current movement but for all time. There are not 25,000 collectors of Willa Cather—there are not 25,000 collectors of anybody, or of everybody.

It is, therefore, difficult to see what end is served by such lavish statistical hyperbole. Is it an effort to impress the retailer? But the retailer has a pretty good idea of the number of Cather collectors in his neighborhood, and the rare-bookseller can place his order with even more definite assurance.

The collecting panorama is a sufficiently confusing phenomenon without the admission of a complication that distorts its terminology by the employment of super-dimensional concepts. But better to err on the side of the stars than earthward. Better a "limitation" of 25,000 than one of seven copies on sheet cork, four on papyrus, and one (lettered Z) in white ink on carbon paper.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
NEXT TIME WE LIVE *Ursula Parrott* (Longmans, Green: $2.50.)	Novel	Another version of "Ex-Wife," and very well done, too.	Tears
BESIDES, THE WENCH IS DEAD *Robert Ullin* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Novel	Interesting group of boarders in a Pittsburgh rooming house are caught in the whirl of post-war whoopee when that town was loaded with cash.	Tragic
SUMMER MORNING *May Edginton* (Macaulay: $2.)	Romance	Irish tenor seduced out of his element into Canadian timberlands by wealth and charm of the girl he expected to marry.	Standard
NINEVAH HOUSE *Diana Patrick* (Dutton: $2.)	Romance	Son's French bride bucks chill of English family with Traditions.	Familiar

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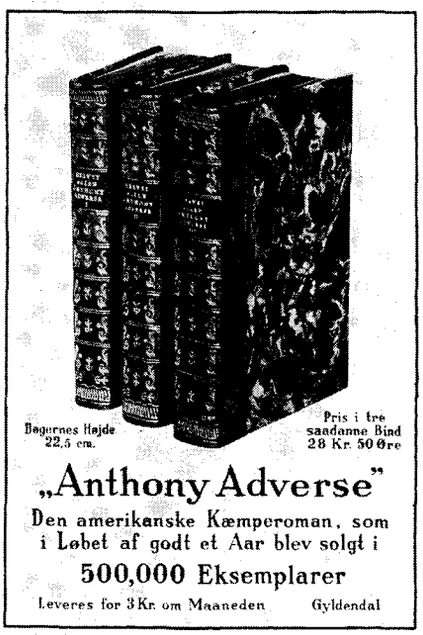
Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

TRADE WINDS, which spares no effort to please its æolean clients, had a costly orthochromatic print made of one of the *Anthony Adverse* posters brought back from Copenhagen by Mr. W. S. Hall. ☞Mr. Hall also brings us news of the fine success achieved in Britain by George Blake's novel *The Shipbuilders*, which we have not yet seen announced here. ☞The trade looks forward with interested curiosity to Max Schuster's *Eyes on the World*, a photographic history of 1934-35 which will be ready about mid-June. ☞A friend of ours is starting a new bookshop and brooding on an attractive name for it. Among our favorite names for imaginary



bookshops are *Ampersand; Thesaurus; Wayzgoose; Silverfish.* ☞Pleased to see in a catalogue of G. A. Baker & Co., 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C., some nice old H. C. Bunners (firsts) at $1.50 and $2, some Louise Guineys at $2.50 and $3, and a wagonload of Henry James at twos and threes and fours of legal tender. ☞Out in Chicago Schlogl's café is said to be showing a literary comeback, and Richard Schneider the waiter is getting a lot of new names in his autograph book. ☞Mr. Roger Babson, of the Statistical Organization, has joined Mary Pickford as a Hound of Heaven. He has published (Revell) *What About God?* which begins with a chart showing a philosophic progression from Matter and Sensation at the bottom to Divinity at the top of the woodpile.

☞Fifty members of the staff of Harcourt, Brace made up a sweepstakes on the subscription sale of Pareto's *The Mind and Society.* Chances cost ten cents, and bets ranged from 1372 to 3000 sets. The winner, whose guess came nearest the actual subscription sale on May 22, was to get the five dollar pot. ☞At the time of writing somebody told us—was it Tertius?—that the subscription sale was around 1400.

☞The annual Birthday Party of the Walt Whitman Foundation will be held as usual on May 31, at Laurel Springs, N. J., at the old farmhouse where Walt used to visit. Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth of Princeton will speak. Laurel Springs is 12 miles from Camden on the white Horse Pike. ☞Collins Doan Company of Jersey City have just published *The Private Letters of Baron Vioménil* dealing with Polish campaigns against Russia and Prussia in 1771-72. This is an item interesting to students of the American Revolution for it includes also a letter on the Siege of Yorktown. Vioménil commanded the French troops in their march from New Jersey to Virginia in 1781. The volume is translated and edited (from the French edition of 1808) by J. F. Gough. ☞Florence Wolfson adds to Quercus's collection of Poems Shorter than Their Titles. She submits Strickland Gillilan's *On the Antiquity of Microbes:*—

Adam
Had'em

and this reminds Q. of a poem of his own which was called *He Who Gets Slapped: Elegy on the Death of a Mosquito:*

Lit
Bit
Obit

which Q. always thought might well be bought (on a royalty basis) as an advertising affiche by the makers of Flit.

☞The program of the American Booksellers' convention, to be held on the Hotel Pennsylvania Roof in N. Y. C., May 26 and 27, reaches us by messenger from Ted McCawley, Pres., just as we go to press. The Sunday session, under the chairmanship of Lewis B. Traver of Trenton, will provide entertainment by Lloyd C. (*Green Light*) Douglas and a staff of Heyday House party-game authors, followed by a Frederick A. Stokes evening —Spring Parade of Stokes Authors, with Harry A. Franck giving a talk. ☞The business meeting on Monday, beginning at 10 A. M., will hear about the Booksellers' Code from Cedric Crowell and Frank Magel. Senator Feld is to speak on Control of Resale Prices Through State Legislation; other talks will come from Miss Gene Simmonds of Remington Putnam (Baltimore) on mail-order campaigns; Ted McCawley on shelf-clearing; Lewis B. Traver on the Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers; and Eugene V. Connett of Derrydale Press on selling fine books. ☞Monday afternoon Marion Dodd is bringing in some customers to say what they think is right and wrong about the methods of their booksellers; I. A. R. Wylie and Sophie Kerr will speak; so will Fred Melcher on home libraries, and G. T. Eager (Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn), who will unfold the results of a survey containing some "unexpected information for booksellers." The Monday evening banquet features General Hugh S. Johnson as guest of honor.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers • 386 Fourth Avenue • New York

(May, 1935) TIME: THE PRESENT
(May, 1934) THE UNPOSSESSED

Exactly one year ago *The Inner Sanctum* published a first novel called *The Unpossessed,* by TESS SLESINGER. Some people loved it. Some hated it. But a great many read and talked about and fought over it.

Your correspondents now announce the publication of TESS SLESINGER'S first volume of short stories, *Time: The Present.* These stories are selected, *not* collected, from a number which have excited attention in current magazines, and there are three, including a novelette, which were written especially for this book.

Time. The Present contains eleven stories covering a wide range of contemporary interest, from the reactions, gallant and otherwise, of a modern young woman *On Being Told That Her Second Husband Has Taken His First Lover* to the amusing adventures of a down-east old maid on hitting the wild west, a recalcitrant horse and a blue-eyed cowboy—*Relax is All.*

Other stories included are:

Mother To Dinner

A bride's struggle between exacting mother and possessive husband.

The Times So Unsettled Are

The quest of the Viennese girl for happiness in America and its unexpected denouement in Child's Restaurant.

Jobs In the Sky

The story of a lad in the book department of a department store who discovered there weren't any.

After The Party

The account of a cocktail party. As good and a good deal more gay than attending one.

The Mouse Trap

A touchingly amateurish strike put down by a sophisticated boss with sex appeal.

The Answer on the Magnolia Tree

The novelette . . . a bright May day in a girls' finishing school, what The Duchess told Linda about spending the night with a young man on a *golf-course,* how the charm lady got herself into a spot, why everyone from the algebra teacher to the lusty deb went haywire from the scent of magnolias.

Some of these stories are gay, some are not. All are seasoned with the light salt touch of TESS SLESINGER'S wit. All have been read with enthusiasm and are being published with delight by

—ESSANDESS

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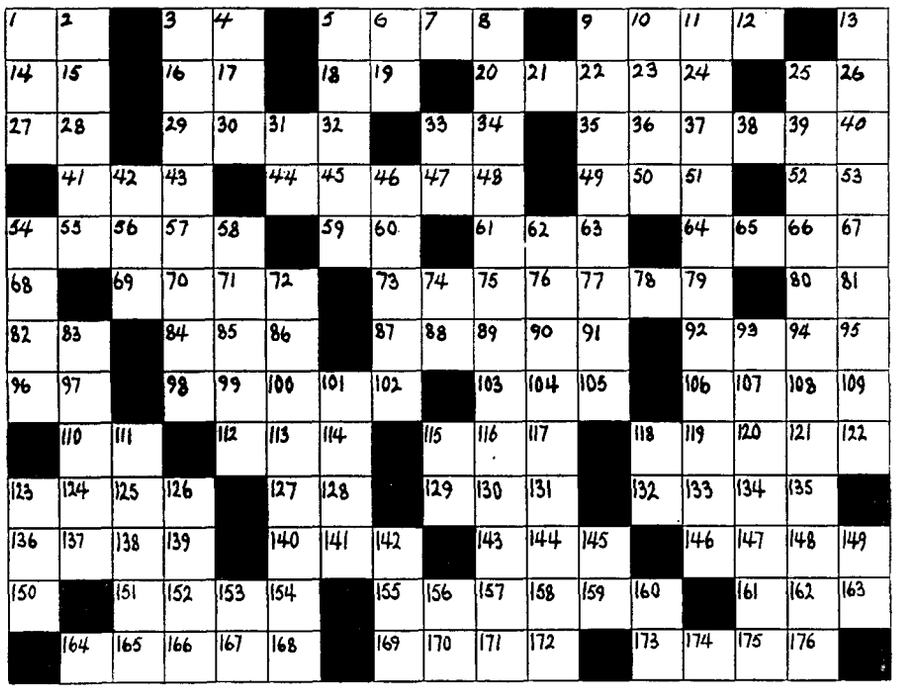
Double Crostics: No. 61

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

Two words in the diagram of this puzzle are in obsolete spelling.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Toward the ground.

II. Suspended; swung loosely.

III. In a sober, temperate manner.

IV. A modern Irish novel.

V. Book by James Fenimore Cooper (2 words).

VI. Low in spirits, dejected.

VII. Flat, horizontal projection.

VIII. A monstrous serpent which Apollo slew.

IX. Facility; comfort.

X. Distinguished, unusual.

XI. An ancient mariner.

XII. Impartial, fair (compound).

XIII. Hilarious merrymaking (plural).

XIV. To use with satisfaction.

XV. A family in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

XVI. To clothe or array.

XVII. Complete, painstaking.

XVIII. Youth accidentally slain by Apollo.

XIX. At a distance but in sight.

XX. An arm of the sea.

XXI. With hand on hip and elbow turned out.

XXII. A large heavy knife.

XXIII. A Gilbert & Sullivan opera.

XXIV. Resembling a certain bird of prey.

XXV. Two words popularized by F. D. R.

WORDS

120 140 76 151 171 89 44 55 5

40 155 175 135 119 48 149

3 147 67 6 160 123 61 126 73 109

131 9 18 68 97 53 132

31 88 45 4 148 66 56

87 81 43 134 137 96 75 168 84 23 117

35 14 72 21 103

118 129 25 62 110 116

166 54 157 86

156 172 127 169 146 10 173 139 107 33

28 19 98 51 37 32

108 11 63 101 165 49 58 16 74 163

105 78 95 57 92 150

159 82 112 130 15

24 94 102 153

90 124 71 22 80 136

59 144 70 8 113 27 83 52

26 114 7 125 133 41 164 85 38 122

1 39 17 30 111

141 115 176 104 42 50

161 47 167 154 64 60

99 46 170 36 12 106 34

174 128 142 138 162 143 152 93

100 13 29 65 20 2

77 145 158 79 91 121 69

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SPEND SUMMER boarding in beautiful home, seventeen-acre grounds on Staten Island hills, adjacent Country Club. Bridle paths. Private tennis court. $20 weekly. References required. Box 397-A.

INN-BY-THE-SEA, Browning's Beach, motor destination MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, between Watch Hill and Point Judith; P. O. WAKEFIELD; R. R. Terminals Westerly or Kingston Jc. FREE GUEST USE of Private Bathing Beach and Bathhouses; Boats; Thousand Volume Library; Picnic Oven in Dunes; Concrete Tennis Court; 125 Acre Fish and Game Preserve; NO EXTRAS! Nearby Theater-by-the-Sea operates nightly; Golf and Horseback Riding available; garage; electricity; some private baths. Rates $4 to $8. ADDRESS INN-BY-THE-SEA, WAKEFIELD, R. I.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, thirty, teacher and lecturer of some merit, needs occupation for Summer; will gladly consider anything. Speaks excellent English, drives well, bridge expert; not without social charm, but not afraid of hard work. Box 433-A.

ARE YOU lonely or blue? Join The Star Friendship Exchange, Box 1329, Roanoke, Va. Send stamp for particulars.

DIGNIFIED New Hampshire farmhouse available June 15th. Fifty acres of balsam, birches, and brooks. Seven rooms, garden, adequate sanitation. No electricity. Rent reasonable. Snapshots sent. Box 414-A.

LITERARY RESEARCH. Information found on all subjects. Box 379-A.

THE GLAMOUR, NEWS, GOSSIP, BOOKS, art, theatre, fashions of New York in a weekly 1000 word letter written expressly for you. 50c per month. Sample letter on request. Journalist.

CHEAPER than staying home. Join Writers Group Soviet Summer Tour, $37.90 weekly. Bob Brown, World Tourist, 175 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET'S EXPLORE Washington restaurants. "Dutch." Joan.

IS THERE some modest corner of the globe where literary ability, minus personal aggressiveness, is needed? A shy young woman with a talent for writing must have financial security. College educated, knowing shorthand, typing, what is she good for? All suggestions gratefully received. Miranda.

ADRIAN: My letters to you all return marked "Unknown." Where are you? Claire.

IN THE SIMPLEST SORT of cottage on Lake Champlain in Vermont I plan having my niece, fourteen, and her two younger brothers spend with me a summer of outdoor life; swimming, tramping, etc. Do other aunts want their nieces and nephews to share such a life with us? I can add three to my three. For details address Box 465-A.

For Double-Crostic Fans

WE have recently published a book of Double Crostics, conceived by Elizabeth Kingsley.

The book contains Fifty Double Crostics that have never before appeared elsewhere. *It is available at all booksellers or direct from* SIMON & SCHUSTER, INC., 386 *Fourth Avenue, New York City. Price....$1.35 per copy.*

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PERSONALS

IS THERE any place within commuting distance of New York where a person without a car can get swimming, tennis, and/or horseback riding? Please give weekly residential rates. UTOPIA, Box 470-A.

COLLEGE GIRLS AND TEACHERS, your own vacation free if you enroll five girls for eight weeks. New Hampshire Dude Ranch (Gentile). Box 471-A.

POSITION WANTED by cosmopolitan young woman of wide interests, '33 graduate, excellently trained in Romance languages, social sciences, librarianship. Prefers large city, college community, or abroad. Box 472-A.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR, widower, fifty-one—interests: home, quiet, writing, fishing, camping—desires correspondence with college-bred, personable, preferably Presbyterian widow of similar interests. Box 473-A.

YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN, 23, offers for summer position: breeding, resourcefulness, adaptability, college degree—even humor. More specific qualifications in reply to specific requirements. Surprisingly capable. Box 474-A.

SUNNY APARTMENT overlooking Columbia sublet June first. Large outside rooms, three exposures. Living room, dining hall, two corner bedrooms. Kitchen, maid's room and bath. Telephone CAthedral 8-0587.

FOR RENT for season on rocky coast, Ogunquit, Maine, 12-room comfortable, charming cottage. Magnificent view. Miss Ethel Barton, Englewood, New Jersey.

ATTENTION, PITTSBURGHERS: Student attending Pitt Graduate School reduced to state where money means something. Will do anything he can, try anything he can't. Available afternoons, evenings, nights. Box 633, Indiana, Pa.

SWISS MEADOWS—Berkshire mountainside farm, woods, brooks, near golf, riding; small century-old beamed paneled farmhouse, Swiss peasant furniture, Normandy coppers, brasses, library. No charge for meals (served either under apple trees overlooking Greylock or beside crackling fire), none for rooms (one very single, three very double—modern plumbing, electricity, telephone—also cabin). For peace, glorious views, general atmosphere of mountainside and farmhouse, $5 day, $30 week, July first to middle September, rest of year $25. Mrs. Cornelia Stratton Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

FORGET SUBWAYS, crowds, taxis! Calm down at Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, New Jersey.

WANTED, for The Puget Sounder, amateur contributors to write intimate sketches of life where they are. No pay. No manuscripts returned. But grand practice and a by-line if accepted. June Burn, Editor, Bellingham, Washington.

HARD UP handy gentleman, wanted for outside work. No pay but room, board and small laundry done. If interested write Box 223, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM: Coley B. Taylor, Editor, Gotham House, Inc., contributor to The Bookman, The Survey, Books, The World Tomorrow, Theatre Guild Quarterly, etc., will criticize novels and book-length non-fiction. Terms on request. Coley B. Taylor, 160 Claremont Ave., New York.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

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GOING TO MEXICO frugally, young girl artistically interested looking for kindred companion. Box 456-A.

MANHATTAN BACHELOR, early forties, Protestant. Desires correspondence with interesting lady seeking agreeable friendship. Box 457-A.

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CHICAGO WOMAN of humor and intelligence (and charm) would like to correspond with man (45-60) fond of literature, music and outdoors, possessing discriminating taste. Box 463-A.

IS THERE a pleasant place, near water, preferably Connecticut, where a young woman, seeking fresh vegetables, milk, tranquillity, could board reasonably for summer? Gentile. Box 464-A.

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I knew 3,000 Lunatics

....a front-row seat at the strangest drama in the world

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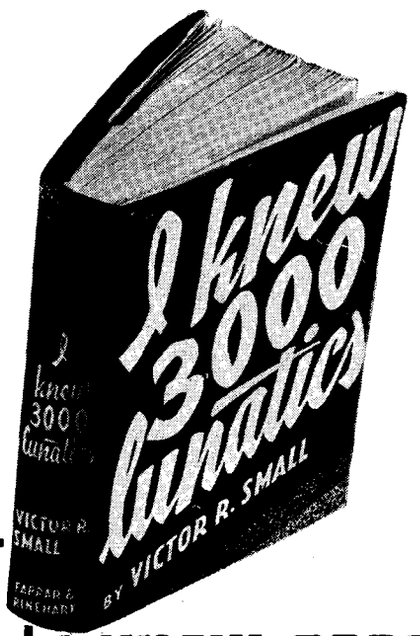

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